SAYCON, S. ESSYLE

From the Quarterly Review. Bacon's Essays: with Annotations by Richard Whately, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. London. 1856.

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Or all the productions in the English language, Bacon's Essays contain the most matter in the fewest words. He intended them to be "as grains of salt, which should rather give an appetite than offend with satiety; " and never was the intention of an author more fully attained. There were none, he says, of his works which had been equally " current" in his own time; and he expressed his belief that they would find no less favor with posterity, and "last as long as books and letters endured." Thus far his proud anticipation has been verified. They have been held to be oracles of subtile wisdom by the profoundest intellects which have flourished since, and few in any department have risen to the rank of authorities with mankind who had not themselves been accustomed to sit at the feet of Bacon. His own account of the scope of his Essays is, that " they handled those things wherein both men's lives and persons are most conversant," while in the selection of his materials he "endeavored to make them not vulgar but of a nature whereof much should be found in experience, and little in books; so as they should be neither repetitions nor fancies." This is the cause of their great success. They treat of subjects which, in his well-known phrase, "come home to men's business and bosoms; " and the reflections which he offers upon these topics of universal concern are not obvious truisms, nor hacknied maxims, nor airy speculations, but acute and novel deductions' drawn from actual life by a vast and penetrating genius, intimately conversant with the court, the council-table, the parliament, the bar, the multitudinous forms of human nature and pursuits. The larger part of the Essays

two centuries and a half has not rendered them commonplace. In this they differ from his system of inductive philosophy, to which he justly owes so much of his fame. The triumph of his principles of scientific investigation has made it unnecessary to revert to the reasoning by which they were established; and he might have adopted, says Archbishop Whately, the exclamation of some writer engaged in a similar task, "I have been laboring to render myself useless." The application of the remark is happy, but the origin of it was different. On the admission of the Cardinal Dubois into the French Academy, Fontenelle, referring to his constant intercourse with the young king, Louis XV., observed, with more gracefulness than truth, "It is known that in your daily conversation with him you left nothing untried to render yourself useless." The pearls of cultivated minds are cast in vain before dull understandings. A Dutch publisher imagined that useless must be an error of the press, and substituted use-

Dr. Johnson approved the conciseness of Bacon's Essays, and thought the time might come when all knowledge would be reduced to the same condensed form. To this there are strong objections. Circumstances are like the boughs and leaves of a tree which give life and ornament to the stem; nay, more, though single aphorisms may cling to. the mind, few things are so quickly forgetten as a series of them. Details always assist the memory, and are often essentialito. it: they also help the understanding. Archbishop Whately truly observes of Bacon's maxims, that repeated meditation discloses applications of them which had been previously overlooked. Few persons are capable of the continuous reflection required for with all ranks and classes of persons; with this purpose, or reflecting would have the acumen to discriminate the bearings of a comprehensive proposition. Examples to on Building, Gardens, and Masques set illustrate the principles are a necessary aid aside, there is only here and there a sentence to ordinary minds, and may afford assisof his lessons which has grown out of date. tance to the greatest. Diderot used to al-The progress of events has not rendered them lege of himself that he had not saffeient obsolete : their continuous currency through understanding to apply subtle remarks which

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were unaccompanied by instances. pregnant meaning of Bacon's Essays has chanced to see exemplified in our own expebeen lost upon thousands for want of a commentary; and we have long been of opinion, that to elucidate them would be one of the most useful tasks that could be undertaken. The republication of the choice productions of an old writer by a modern editor of note, has the advantage, in addition to the intrinsic value of the annotations, of attracting readers. The newest books, however brief their day, are usually more in vogue than the best works of past generations, which, unless they are introduced afresh to the world, remain to the majority little more than a name. Notwithstanding Mr. Hallam's assertion that it would be derogatory to any one of the slightest claim to polite letters, were he unacquainted with the Essays of Bacon, we believe that they are much less studied than formerly. No one was likely to have greater weight in calling back to them the attention of the public than Archbishop Whately, who is universally known to be a sagacious observer, an acute thinker, and a man of independent mind, who, if his own judgment were not convinced, would not swear by the words of any master. Even after the tributes of Burke and Johnson, and the inferior anthority of Dugald Stewart, his testimony to the depth and wisdom of Bacon's maxims, . and his habit of appending to them the illustrative observations suggested by his experi-. ence or which he met with in his reading, must add to our faith in their superlative excellence. His edition is not precisely of the kind which was required. The notes are too lengthy and discursive, and should have been framed a little more upon the anodel of the text. That they sometimes seem superfluous, is an objection of less force, since it is nearly inseparable from the nature of the task. All men have not an equal degree of familiarity with the same truths; and what is novel to one is hackmied to another. It is here as with jests, which each person calls new or old accordo ing as they are new or old to him. Pascal biconceived that every possible maxim of con--spluct existed in the world, though no indi-.[Nidual can be conversant with the entire for the strangeness of the style, the matter ineries; and we are apt to imagine that those would be seen to be commonplace. drules must be the tritest with which we our- writer with a little talent and a great deal

The those most momentous which we have rience. Whoever reads the comment of Archbishop Whately must expect to come upon truths which were known to him before, but he will certainly meet with more which are attractive both by their novelty and their intrinsic importance. shrewd observations are made, many fallacies exposed, and many interesting circumstances related. The notes alone have the value of a distinct work, and have afforded us too much pleasure and instruction to permit as to quarrel with the digressive amplitude which occasionally characterizes them. They may well entice those who are familiar with the Essays of Bacon to ponder them again, and induce the persons who are ignorant of this treasury of wisdom to draw

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Archbishop Whately censures the tendency to mysticism which prevails at present, and draws attention to the circumstance that the writings of Bacon are as clear as they are profound. His reflections may permit of numerous ramifications beyond what common eyes can trace, but the principles themselves are perfectly plain. If an author is obscure, it is either because his ideas are undefined, or because he lacks the power to express them. He is a confused thinker or a bad writer, and commonly both. Nor is the case altered if he is wandering beyond the limits set to human inquiry. A great intelligence recognizes its ignorance and refuses to confound the dim and unsubtantial dreams of the mind with the true knowledge permitted to man. In general, however, it will be found that the mystic has been employed in troubling waters which were before translucent, and that the whole of their muddiness is contracted in the dull understanding through which they flow. The sham philosopher is commonly a person who has the ambition to be original without the capacity, and hopes to gain the credit of soaring to the clouds by shrouding familiar objects in mist. To the frequent remark, "It is a pity such an author does not express matter so admirable in intelligible English," Archbishop Whately replies, that, except selves have been longest acquainted, and of eccentricity is sure of followers, since foolish scholars are still more numerous the lies for their own sake." Whatever be than foolish masters. The quack philosopher can always meet with a M. Jourdain, who will fly into ecstacies when he is told in pompous jargon how to pronounce those letters of the alphabet which he has been speaking from infancy. "Nothing," said Cardinal de Retz, "imposes so much upon people of weak understanding as what they do not comprehend." This mental defect, by the nature of the case, is common to all the partizans of the shallow-profound-school, and the majority are probably striving to compensate for their inferiority by affecting to be at home in pathless regions which wiser and honester men confess their inability to tread. In poetry, in politics, in art, in science, nay, even in history and biography, we have delusive mystics who are applauded by pretentious admirers. But it is a fashion which passes away. The next generation of worshippers set up their own idols, and the true judges who are the ultimate arbiters of fame are not wont to construct pedestals for rejected and mis-

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shapen gods. The Essays of Bacon open appropriately with an essay on "Truth," the foundation of all excellence and all knowledge. He starts with one of his pregnant propositions, which in this instance he derived from antiquity, that there is often among men "a corrupt love of a lie for its own sake," and he assigns as the reason for it, "that truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not show the masques and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights." Unless the lie looked more attractive than the truth, no one would prefer it; but, we believe, in every case, it is embraced less for its own sake than for some supposed personal advantage to be derived from it. Bacon seems to confess as much when he asks, in proof of his position, whether "it can be doubted that it would leave numbers of minds poor, shrunken things, full of melancholy and unpleasing to themselves, if vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, and the like, were taken our day, would be termed self-deceptions. They are the lies told by a man to himself. The inducement to them is manifestly the self-esteem and visionary prospects which they foster, and not strictly "the love of

the motive, the importance of Bacon's assertion is the same - that, in framing opinions, it is common to give the preference to falsehood. Of the deliberate deviation from "theological and philosophical truth," which he places first, Rousseau was a flagrant example. "He perceived," as he told Hume, "that to strike and interest the public the marvellous must be produced; that the marvellous of the heathen mythology had long since lost its effect; that giants, magicians, fairies, and heroes of romance which succeeded, had exhausted the portion of credulity which belonged to their age; and that now nothing was left to a writer but the marvellous in life, in manners, in characters, and in extraordinary situations. giving rise to new and unlooked-for strokes in politics and morals." * Upon this principle he framed his paradoxical creed, the offspring of a morbid passion for notoriety. In the language of La Rochefoucauld he found the first places on the right side forestalled, and was not content to occupy the last. "Truth," said Dr. Johnson of the sceptics who went astray from the same motive, "will not afford sufficient food to their vanity, so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull."

Party feeling has a still larger influence in perverting the judgments of mankind, in causing them to substitute bigoted belief for honest inquiry, misrepresentations for facts, transparent fallacies for solid conclusions. Religion, above all subjects, has given rise to a spirit which it rebukes and disowns. The satirical portrait which Le Clerc has drawn of the ecclesiastical historian has had innumerable originals. " He must adhere inviolably to the maxim that whatever can be favorable to heretics is false, and whatever can be said against them is true; while, on the other hand, all that does honor to the orthodox is unquestionable, and everything that can do them discredit is a lie. He must suppress with care, or at least extenuate as away?" These, in the milder language of far as possible, the errors of those whom the orthodox are accustomed to respect, and must exaggerate the faults of the heterodox to the utmost of his power.

*Burke's "Reflections on the Revolution in France."

remember that any orthodox writer is a | the first abdication of Napoleon is a striking competent witness against a heretic, and is to be trusted implicitly on his word; while a heretic is never to be believed against the orthodox, and has honor enough done him in allowing him to speak against his own side or in behalf of ours. It is thus that Cardinal Baronius and the authors of the Centuries of Magdeburg have written, each of their works having by this means acquired an im-. mortal glory with its own party. But it must be owned that in the plan they adopted they have only imitated most of their predecessors. For many ages men had sought in ecclesiastical antiquity not what was to be found there, but what they conceived ought to be there for the good of their sect." The faculty of seeing not what is, but solely what makes for the advantage of the sect, has in no way declined since the days of Le Clerc. M. Guizot has lately quoted, as a curious example of the illusions into which men may be betrayed by passion, that the greater part of the Popish journals on the Continent are incessantly repeating that Protestantism is in a state of rapid decline; that it is cold and decaying like the dead, and has hardly any adherents who are not either totally indifferent or eager to return to the Roman Catholic Church. The process is easy by which the papal zealot, without avowing his disgenuousness to his own mind, contrives to dupe himself. He overlooks the secessions from his own persuasion, the scepticism and the lukewarmness, and concentrates his attention on the few Protestants who have lapsed into Romanism or infidelity. These exceptions he assumes to be a fair specimen of the whole anti-Papal community, and he has the weakness to believe, without further inquiry, that the reformed religion is tottering to its fall.

Archbishop Whately gives some forcible illustrations of this propensity of mankind to close their eyes to all evidence which does not support their antecedent conclusions. Tourists in Ireland have shown themselves particularly subject to the infirmity. They are typified, the Archbishop says, in the jaunting-car of the country in which the passengers sit back to back. Each can only take in the view on his own side of the road; one sees the green prospect, the other the orange. The report brought back by the English travellers who visited France after vii. p. 59.

instance of the tendency. A nephew of one of our ministers wrote a letter, in which he stated that every one from the Continent with whom he had conversed agreed that Louis XVIII. was firmly fixed on his throne, and was steadily gaining strength. letter was dated on the identical day that Napoleon sailed from Elba! Archbishop Whately, who relates this singular anecdote, ascribes many of the partial views of the tourist to the circumstance of his falling into the company of a faction who pass him on to others of the same persuasion, just, he says, as in the old days of posting the bad inn of one town was connected with the bad inn of the next, and the person who started wrong was pretty sure to have bad dinners, bad beds, and bad horses to his journey's end. The case is common; but frequently the traveller deliberately chooses his companions for the similarity of their views, and carefully avoids all contact with people whose sentiments he dislikes. In the same way vehement partisans will only read the arguments on their own side of the question. and hold it a sort of treason to truth to examine the opinions of an adversary. Some will not hesitate to avow that they fear to be infected, which is only saying in other words that they fear to be convinced. "I know some of them," relates Lord Bacon of certain religious zealots of Queen Elizabeth's time, "that would think it a tempting of God to hear or read what may be said against them, as if there could be a 'hold fast that which is good ' without a 'prove all things' going before.'* Strange as is the inconsistency, it is by no means unusual for men to have the fullest confidence in a cause, and very little in its being able to endure the test of examination. The Roman Catholic priesthood prohibit the Bible wherever they can venture, and by the interdict confess their dread that the Bible will make against them.

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The followers of a party being regarded through the party medium, there is the same preference of falsehood to truth in the judgment of persons that is frequently found in the judgment of things. Among the many weighty and beautiful observations which

^{*} An Advertisement touching the controversies of the Church of England .- Bacon's Works, vol.

Hume has dispersed through his History, there is nothing more admirable than his reflection on this frailty. "It is no wonder that faction is so productive of vices of all kinds, for, besides that it inflames the passions, it tends much to remove those great restraints, honor and shame, when men find that no iniquity can lose them the applause of their own party, and no innocence secure them against the calumnies of the opposite." Those who have been foremost in the aspersion of a political adversary while he is living, often acknowledge the injustice of it by their eulogies when he is dead. Bolingbroke, who had been one of the principal detractors of the famous Duke of Marlborough, was called upon in a private company to confirm some anecdotes of his parsimony: "He was so great a man," he replied, "that I have forgotten his vices." The answer has been much commended, and it is undoubtedly better to be just late than never, but we agree with Archbishop Whately that the tardy reparation in these cases is less deserving of applause than the previous calumnies of reproach. The detractions were addressed to a sentient being, and, whether they effect their purpose or not, were designed to wound or discredit him, but the laudatory recantation is spoken over ashes, and cannot "soothe the dull, cold ear of death."

Archbishop Whately dwells on the necessity of allowing the question, "What is the truth?" to anticipate every other consideration. If it is only asked in the second place, the mind, he justly urges, will have been drawn by a law as sure as that of gravitation towards the belief to which it is predisposed, and will employ its ingenuity in discovering arguments for a conclusion which it has adopted independently of them. "Rely upon it," it was said of a dexterous and not over-scrupulous person in power, " he will never take any step that is bad without having a very good reason to give for it." The Archbishop adds the comment, that we are ready enough to be warned against the sophistry of another, but need no less to be warned against our own. The confidence which a barrister will sometimes have in the cause of his client, when it is palpable to every unbiassed mind that it is

by ingenious fallacies. A false conviction once introduced, and assumed as an axiom, is an erroneons element which must vitiate all the after processes of the understanding. The most bigoted writers constantly make the most emphatic protestations of their impartiality, because the points in which they are prejudiced have attained in their apprehensions to the rank of indisputable truths. Hume repeatedly boasted that his History of the Stuarts was free from all bias, and that he had kept the balance between Whig and Tory nicely true. Ten years afterwards, on revising the work, he thus confesses his delusion to a friend. "As I began the History with these two reigns [James I. and Charles I.] I now find that they, above all the rest. have been corrupted with Whig rancor, and that I really deserved the name of a party writer, and boasted without any foundation of my impartiality; but if you now do me the honor to give this part of my work a second perusal, I am persuaded that you will no longer throw on me this reproachful epithet, and will acquit me of all propensity to Whiggism." Whether even in the second instance he had attained to the vaunted judicial equanimity is somewhat doubtful. He had been irritated by the outcry which was raised against him "for presuming," as he said, " to shed a generous tear for the fate of Charles I. and the Earl of Strafford;" and the abuse had some share in producing a reaction against the party which had chiefly attacked him. So subtle are the workings of personal feeling, and so incessantly do we need to stand upon our guard against it. The readers of books are upon their trial as well as the writers. An impartial history would be pronounced partial by those who were partial themselves.

In former times there were historians who avowedly wrote as they were bribed. Paulus Jovius was said to keep a bank of lies. To those who gave handsomely he assigned illustrious ancestors, and praiseworthy deeds, and those who gave nothing he traduced. He told the Cardinal of Lorraine that unless his pension was paid he would assert that his Eminence did not belong to the great Lorraine line of Godefroi, and when there was a suspension of his works, he boldly declared it was because no man utterly bad, is a wonderful example of the had hired him. Once being warned that his belief into which men can reason themselves representations were extravagant, he replied

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troversies Vorks, vol. that it was immaterial, since the next gener- | He could not conceive what benefit they ation would receive them for facts. He maintained that it was the privilege of the historian to aggravate and extenuate faults, and to elevate or depreciate virtues; to dress the liberal paymaster in rich brocade, and the austere niggard in coarse cloth. There have been many later, historians who would have flung the fees of Jovius in the faces of the donors, and who have not the less copied his practices, correcting the features and heightening the colors in the portraits of some, and smearing the faces of others, as the Duchess of Marlborough, in a fit of rage, did the picture of her daughter, exclaiming that she was now as black without as within. Upon the party-spirit which often dictates these misrepresentations we have touched already, but there is another cause which is equally powerful, - the desire to be brilliant. Historic truth is usually too complex, too full of half-lights and faint shadows to admit of startling contrasts. The world is not peopled with angels and demons, but with men. Thus when the first consideration is to produce an effect, accuracy is inevitably sacrificed; and instead of attempting to give a faithful representation of the object, the author considers how he can make it look well in his picture. From the same motive the historian may adopt the incidents which are most romantic, regardless of their intrinsic improbability, or undoubted falsity. This failing is common in Hume. Some sin through the passion for an antithetical style, than which none is so dazzling, or lends itself less readily, when used in excess, to the exact expression of circumstances. Events do not any more than the characters of the actors in them present a continuous series of pointed contrasts, and to sustain the artifice the incidents must be softened in one half of the antithesis or exaggerated in the other. The facts in short must be fitted to the sentence instead of the sentence to the facts. Such persons are not of the opinion of St. Jerome that truth told inelegantly is better than eloquent falsehood. They all come under Bacon's censure, and the chief difference between them and Paulus Jovius is that they do for literary popularity what he did for money.

The newsmongers are described by Theo-

derived from the practice, especially as the clothes of some of them were stolen at the baths while they were declaiming their fables to wondering auditors. The benefit was clearly the pleasure of being listened to by an eager crowd, and afforded abundant inducement in a city, where the inhabitants "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The daily papers have nearly destroyed the trade of the fabricator of public intelligence. His fictions are refuted by not appearing there, without the necessity for contradiction, and to amuse the credulous with success, he must mostly keep to the domain of private affairs. But there is another class of gossips - the tellers of "good stories"-who continue to obtain a ready and undeserved confidence. Narrator and listener in these cases are alike prone to prefer falsehood to truth, for amusing exaggerations are to such an extent the favorite staple of conversation, that Montesquieu having once had the curiosity to count how often an incident was repeated, which, to his sounder judgment, was not worth telling at all, found in the three weeks, during which it was current in the fashionable world, that it was related in his presence two hundred and twenty-five times. The immense majority of pungent anecdotes have received their point in the manufactory of the wit. The man who aims at the frivolous reputation of being always provided with a stock of ludicrous tales, would soon become a bankrupt if he had not recourse to forgery to maintain the supply. He is always on the look-out for circumstances which he can mould to his purpose, distorts them without compunction, and thinks it a far finer thing to be sprightly than to be veracious. Horace Walpole was great in this line. "I am so put to it for something to say," he writes on one occasion, "that I would make a memorandum of the most improbable lie that could be invented by a viscountess-dowager, as the old Duchess of Rutland does when she is told of some strange casualty, - 'Lucy, child, step into the next room and set that down.' 'Madam,' says Lady Lucy, 'it can't be true!' 'O, no matter, child; it will do for news into the country next post." Sarcastically as this is related, it falls short of phrastus as people who lied for lying's sake. the practice of Walpole himself. He had

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guilty of embroidering his intelligence, though he may not have absolutely fabricated it. His very story in ridicule of the inventions of dowager ladies is probably in part an instance of his own. Biography has been incurably adulterated by manufactured tales. Lord Orrery related, as an unquestionable occurrence, that Swift once commenced the service when nobody, except the clerk, attended his church, with, "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places." The trait was long believed, but Mr. Theophilus Swift afterwards discovered the anecdote in a jest-book which was published before his great kinsman was born, and the Dean, whose boast it was "that he had never been known to steal a hint," was not the man to borrow a jocosity as paltry as it was profane. A host of stories, centuries old, have in the same manner been re-told of the celebrities of each succeeding generation, and were probably no more true of the first person to whom they were applied than they are of the last. The readiness with which incidents of the kind are received should be exchanged for an equal measure of mistrust, since where they admit of investigation they are usually found, if not entirely fictitious, to be false in the identical circumstances which make their entertainment. A recent work - the "Memorials of his Time." by Lord Cockburn - is a glaring instance of it. It is described by a contemporary,* who shows himself intimately acquainted with the period and persons of which it treats, as entirely originating in the propensity for retailing anecdotes, and several passages are specified "which manifestly owe their interest to the coloring and exaggeration," habitual to those who are resolved to be amusing at all hazards. Some of the incidents which are more specious prove on investigation to be not a whit more true, and we borrow from the "Law Review" one example out of many. Lord Melville died suddenly the night before the Lord President Blair was buried. He had written to Mr. Perceval to solicit a provision for the family

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of had the ambition to keep up a continuous succes- of the deceased judge, who was one of his sion of lively letters, and he not only set oldest friends, and intending to post the letdown "improbable lies," but was certainly ter after the funeral, he commenced by saying that he had just returned from it. A circumstance so trivial and so natural would not have been worth relating, and to suit the purpose of the teller of anecdotes it was necessary to adorn it. Accordingly Lord Cockburn, who as his nephew might be supposed to be well informed, states that it had always been asserted without contradiction, and he was inclined to believe it, "that Lord Melville gave a feeling account in his letter of his emotions at the ceremony." This prospective description of his grief at a funeral which had not taken place, is called by the author of the Memorials "a fancy piece," but it turns out that "the fancy piece is Lord Cockburn's," and the particular, which constitutes the sole point of the narrative, a pure invention. Dr. Johnson relates of a friend that he used to think a story, a story, till he showed him that truth was essential to it, for it must either, he said, be a picture of an individual, or of human nature in general, and if false was a picture of nothing. He might have subjoined that, being believed to be a picture of something, it was usually a calumny on Johnson himself its ostensible subject.*

*"The man," Johnson said on another occasion, "who uses his talent of ridicule in creating or grossly exaggerating the instances he gives, who imputes absurdities that did not happen, or when a man was a little ridiculous describes him as having been very much so, abuses his talents greatly."

Lord Cockburn is open to this censure in nearly all the characters he has drawn. His descriptions of the characters he has drawn. His descriptions of bygone usages are equally over-charged. To the examples given in the "Law Review" we may add that he asserts, in speaking of the abuses of former days, that Mr. Laing, the clerk to the town-council of Edinburgh, had six or eight baker lads apprehended about the year 1795 "for being a little jolly one night," and shipped them off "by his own authority, without a conviction, or a charge, or an offence." Mr. Laing boldly avowed his proceedings, so that Lord Cockburn had positively the credulity to believe that this functionary was credulity to believe that this functionary was quietly permitted, as recently as 1795, to transport the good citizens of Edinburgh at his private pleasure. The simple fact was that the lads were pleasure. The simple fact was that the lads were pressed! In some cases his statements have not even this slender foundation of truth, but are altoeven this slender foundation of truth, but are alto-gether the work of fancy. He tells an anecdote to the honor of Lord Brougham which might easily be believed of a person so singularly gifted, and which has indeed been several times quoted already as a forcible illustration of the saying that the child is father of the man, to the effect that when he was at the High School at Edinburgh he worsted the meater in an obstinately contested August, 1856. The article contains among other worsted the master in an obstinately contested important statements a defence of the Scotch argument on a question of Latinity. It is stated in an able notice of Lord Cockburn's work in the

^{*} In the "Law Magazine and Law Review" for judges whom Lord Cockburn has maligned.

the least deviation from exactness was reprehensible, and insisted, that if a child looked out of one window, and said it looked out of another, it ought to be corrected. scrupulosity will not secure substantial accu-The statement which passes in a single day through thousands of mouths attains before night to monstrous proportions if each retailer of it makes an addition,

however separately trivial.

Among the cases in which "lies are loved for their own sake," Bacon, we have seen, enumerates the "false valuations" in which individuals indulge. This they extend to the things connected with them, or of which they form a part. It is here that national vanity has its root. When the Canadian, from the banks of the Huron, is asked, in Voltaire's tale, "L'Ingénu," which language he thought the best, the Huron, the English, or the French, he answers, the Huron beyond all dispute. A lady, a native of Lower Brittany, is astonished at the reply, for she had always imagined that, next to the Low-Breton, there was no language to be compared to the French. The rest of the company begin to talk upon the multiplicity of tongues, and they agree that but for the tower of Babel French alone would have been spoken throughout the world. This is a pleasant satire upon the general disposition of every people to believe itself unrivalled, notwithstanding that, as all cannot be the first, each nation might learn to mistrust a conclusion which is shared by the rest. Lord Chesterfield maintained that such prejudices had their use, and mentions, as an instance, that the popular delusion of one Englishman being able to beat three Frenchmen had

"Times," that Lord Brougham is understood to have denied the story, and it is suggested, as the only mode of accounting for the error, that the circumstance may have occurred with some other boy. But we know from an eminent individual who was contemporary with Lord Brougham at the High School, that no such incident took place at all.; at least he never heard a whisper of it, though Lord Cockburn represents it as a noted event which had made its hero famous. If the occurrence was of older date the tradition must still have passed downwards through the seniors, and as not one syllable of it reached the ears either of the alleged actor in the scene, or of the venerable schoolfellow to whom we have referred, the entire tale is undoubtedly apocryphal. Books like Lord Cockburn's are the bane of history, for the circumstances which are not contradicted are sure to be believed, although the credit of the entire narrative has been destroyed.

scorned to embellish. He maintained that often enabled him to beat two. He overlooked the greater mischief which prejudices produced - the contests which have arisen between countries out of the overweening notion they entertained of their prowess, and which, perhaps, created the occasion for beating Frenchmen at all; the evil to the individual of his arrogance and conceit; the bar which vanity puts to improvement. What is false in itself can never be politic. Prejudices are regarded with more lenity than they deserve; for to prejudge a question at least shows a carelessness about truth, though it may not imply the same depravity of nature as a wilful departure from it. One caution is yet required. In the attempt to rise superior to a common prejudice it is possible to become prejudiced in the opposite direction. Dryden affirms of some of the judges of his day that, right or wrong, they always decided for the poor against the rich: and he quotes a saying of Charles II., that the crown was uniformly worsted in every case which was heard before Sir Matthew Hale, from his over-jealousy of falling into the more usual error of favoring the sovereign to the injury of the subject.

> Bacon might have embodied in his " Essay on Truth" the principal part of his observations on "Simulation and Dissimulation." The difference between these and falsehood, according to South, is that the last applies to deception by words, the former to deception by actions, gestures or behavior. Neither Bacon, nor writers in general, have kept strictly to the distinction. Archbishop Whately regrets that the term "dissimulation" should have been extended to include "simulation," and that the second of these words should have fallen into desuetude. Lord Chesterfield in the middle of the eighteenth century, and Hume in 1764, in his private correspondence, employed both expressions in their proper sense, as if they were then in familiar use. Yet Steele, in a paper in the "Tatler" in 1710, supposes his readers to be ignorant of their meaning, and says, "it will be necessary to observe that the learned call simulation a pretence of what is not, and dissimulation a concealment of what is." It is simulation which Fielding describes when he relates the conduct of Mrs. Blifil in feigning grief on the death of a husband whom she hated, and of whom she was glad to be rid. "She continued a

whole month with all the decorations of sickness,—visited by physicians, attended of the homage due to truth. "There is no by nurses, and receiving constant messages from her acquaintance to inquire after her health. At length the decent time for sickness, and immoderate grief having expired. the doctors were discharged and the lady began to see company; being altered only from what she was before, by that color of sadness in which she had dressed her person and countenance." It was dissimulation when Black George, after picking up the pocket-book containing the £500 note, assisted Tom Jones to search every tuft of grass in the meadow where it was dropped, "and exerted as much diligence in quest of the lost goods as if he had hoped to find them." It was both simulation and dissimulation when Sophia Western, to conceal from her aunt her passion for Tom Jones, treated him with a studied neglect, and paid a marked attention to Blifil whom she abhorred. She dissembled the regard she felt for the one, and simulated for the other a partiality she did not entertain. When the action is not, as in this case, directly double, each of these vices still carries with it, as a consequence, some tincture of its fellow. Mrs. Blifil in pretending sorrow dissembled her satisfaction, and Black George, in affecting ignorance of what had become of the pocketbook, might be said to be simulating innocence. But the acts are named according as the predominant design is to pretend to that which is not, or to masque that which is, and either may be practised without the other being present to the thoughts. The greatest imperfection of language is that the same term is used for dissimilar ideas, and where a rigorous phraseology has once been established, corresponding to the differences existing in things, it is a step backwards toward barbarism to blend separate notions under a common appellation. The evil requires to be constantly checked, because precision of thought being rare, there is a perpetual tendency to confound ideas which are closely allied, and as a consequence, to convert the words which distinguish them into synonyms, or else to allow the neighboring expression to drop out of use. It is on this account that it has seemed to us worth while to illustrate a distinction which was formerly quently overlooked.

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Bacon sometimes speaks in lofty language vice," he says, "that doth so cover us with shame as to be found false and perfidious;" he quotes with approbation the fine observation of Montaigne, that the liar is daring towards God and a coward towards man; he remarks that "the ablest persons that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity; " he calls " dissimulation a faint kind of policy," and holds simulation to be still "less politic and more culpable." Nevertheless, he estimates crafty acts rather by their worldly prudence than by their moral nature, and approves or tolerates practices which ought to be condemned. In his "Advancement of Learning" he recommends if men have a foible that they should call it after the virtue which has the closest resemblance to it, and pretend that dulness is gravity, and cowardice mildness. advises that they should affect to despise everything which is beyond the compass of their powers, or better still, that they should pride themselves on the qualities in which they are deficient, and seem to underrate themselves in the points which they are strongest. These and such like devices he calls "good arts," in opposition to the "evil arts" which are taught by Ma-To the conscientious part of chiavelli. mankind such "good arts" can only be regarded as illustrations of the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, "that there are few defects which are not more pardonable than the means we adopt to conceal them." Archbishop Whately enforces the true view, that insincerity can never be expedient, but well remarks that those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake will never perceive that it is the wisest course as well "The maxim that as the most virtuous. 'honesty is the best policy' is one which, perhaps, no one is ever habitually guided An honest man is always by in practice. before it, and a knave is generally behind it." This is admirably said.

Bacon states, as a case which will justify dissimulation, that there are people "who will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick his secret out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an observed, and which, by the latitude given inclination one way; or if he do not, they to the term "dissimulation," is now fre- will gather as much by his silence as by his. authorship of anonymous writings. Arch- ness that the assertion, unaccompanied by a bishop Whately quotes the reply of Dean warning that it was worthless, would have Swift in a conjuncture of the kind. He had published some insulting lines upon Mr. Bettesworth, a barrister, who called upon the satirist. "Sir," said he, on Swift inquiring his business, "I am Serjeant Bettesworth."-" Of what regiment?" replied Swift. "Oh, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of His Majesty's Serjeants at Law."-" What then, Sir?" "Why then, Sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem, and these villainous lines on me." "Sir," answered Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days, by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge, because, if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown would infallibly be imputed to me. Now I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and have followed it ever since, and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." * This reply in the mouth of any man, who, like Swift, had acted consistently upon the sagacious counsel of Lord Somers, would baffle the interrogator; but as most people negative the supicion when it is mistaken, the refusal to answer, when it is well founded, amounts to confession. Dr. Johnson decided that to escape the dilemma a direct denial was allowable, and Walter Scott carried the principle into practice, and repeatedly assured inquisitive friends that he was not the author of the Waverley Novels. Yet he usually, he says, took care to qualify the contradiction by the remark, that, had he been the writer, he should have

*The account we have adopted is from the Life of Swift by Mr. Thomas Sheridan, to whose father the Dean related the conversation immediately after it occurred. Archbishop Whately gives the reply of Swift, as it is recorded by Dr. Johnson in the "Lives of the Poets:"—" Mr. Bettesworth, I was in my youth acquainted with great lawyers, who, knowing my disposition to satire, advised me that if any scoundrel or blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask, 'Are you the author of this paper?' I should tell him that I was not the author, and therefore I tell you, Mr. Bettesworth, that I am not the author of these lines." Dr. Johnson does not quote his supporting lines." Dr. Johnson does not quote his authority, and we have no hesitation in preferring the well authenticated and milder version of Sheridan.

speech." A common instance of this species | felt entitled to protect his secret by a false of inquisitiveness is to tax persons with the disclaimer. This was to betray a consciousbeen inconsistent with rectitude. The proposition reduced to its simple state is, whether impertinence in one person will justify falsehood in another. To propound the question is, to our thinking, to answer it. Lord Somers must have considered the latitude improper or his advice to Swift would have been useless, and Swift, no stringent moralist, would not have needed to adopt it if he had supposed, to use the expression of his own Houyhnhnhms, that he might "speak the thing which was not." When it is once admitted that we may say what is convenient instead of what is true. every man will have a different standard of veracity, and no one can tell any longer what to believe. In the same breath in which Dr. Johnson maintained the right of an author to disavow his productions, he indignantly denounced, what numbers would consider the more venial doctrine, that it was lawful to withhold from a patient a knowledge of his danger. "Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practised upon myself. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth." Thus the lying which Johnson abhorred the most was a deception which multitudes imagine to be a duty; and he was not more at variance with them than inconsistent with bimself. Truth, an instant before, was to yield to consequences; the scene shifts, the consequences become disagreeable, and truth is to be paramount to every consideration. So surely does the moralist revert to the rigid rule, and exact it of others, the moment the exceptions are to his own disadvantage. The evil of departing from it is shown on a large scale in the disgraceful maxims of the Jesuits which Pascal held up to odium and reproach. Casuistry has too often been employed in vitiating morality, - in devising specious reasons for multiplying exceptions to irksome principles. Then arise a labyrinth of fine distinctions, of complicated conditions, of subtle evasions which blunt the conscience, perplex the notions of right and wrong, and convert the simple laws which are understood and acknowledged by him who speaks, and him who hears, into a

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which no one can be sure what is permitted to himself or arrogated by his neighbor. Nor, if men may break precepts to avoid presumed inconveniences, can they be forbidden the liberty where the design is to accomplish a fancied good. The whole monstrous machinery of pious frauds becomes morally defensible; the motive, where it was honest, justified the means. The wood of the true cross, which Fuller says at the time of the Reformation, would have loaded a ship, was rightly multiplied by those who believed that it would encourage devotion, and the priests who furnished the false teeth of St. Apollonia, which were a reputed charm for the tooth-ache, and filled a barrel when they were collected in the reign of Edward VI., were engaged in a commendable work "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate."

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Bacon's Essays on "Cunning" and "Seeming Wise" are chiefly occupied with the artifices of mankind which are akin to falsehood. He knew well the delvces of intrigue, for he had lived in the midst of them, and had not disdained to employ them. He enumerates several of the deceptive practices he had witnessed, but breaks off with the observation, that they "are infinite, and that it would be a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise." He thought meanly of their talents, and pronounced them to be as inferior to the truly great in ability as in uprightness. Churchill, the poet, had the same opinion of them, and in some lines quoted by Archbishop Whately, describes their faculty as one -

"Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave To qualify the blockhead for a knave.'

There is indeed as much difference between the cunning man and the wise as between him who wins a game by trickery and the player who wins it by honest skill. invariable characteristic of the whole tribe of schemers is, that they pass for wise in their own estimation, whatever they may do with the rest of the world, mistaking the lower kinds of craft for the higher order of sagacity. Success frequently attends their manœuvres, insomuch that Lord Bacon avers, "there be not two more fortunate properties"-by which he means two companionship, earnestly solicited his ad-

maze of metaphysical deceit and confusion in properties more conducive to fortune — "than to have a little of the fool, and not too much of the honest." Archbishop Whately, who has added to Bacon's list of " petty points of cunning," shares the conviction that their proficients are "the most likely to rise to high office," and laments that " the art of gaining power and that of using it well should too often be found in different persons." Paul Louis Courier speaks of the then most celebrated Grecian in France as a man " who had made himself a scholar, and capable of filling all the appointments destined for scholars, but not of obtaining them," while his successful rival - Greek professor, Greek librarian, Greek academician - "saw that study led to nothing, and preferred having ten scholars' situations to qualifying himself for one that he had not." Herein lies the whole secret. Those energies which the student devoted to his books the other employed in making interest with the dispensers of patronage, and in rendering them good offices which had no connection with the Greek tongue. Thus, with some exceptions, it has always been and is always likely to be. Where the two characters are kept separate, which is often not the case, the scholar will have learning and the place-hunter promotion. By family connections, by assiduity, by political or personal services, he will so thrust his name and claims before those who can advance him, that the Minister who should set out with the resolution of rewarding merit would not be likely long to to adhere to his intention. "I have known a prince," says Swift, "choose an able Minister more than once; but I never observed that Minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this age owned and excused the matter from the violence of parties and the unreasonableness of friends." Eldon urged the same plea. There were often, he said, many circumstances unknown to the public, who ought to be cautious in their censure - a position which he illustrated by the history of his appointment of Mr. Jekyll to be a master in Chancery. Wit, conviviality, and good humor had rendered him a general favorite; and the Prince Regent, who enjoyed his enlivening vancement. As he belonged, however, to showing essential to the conscientious fulfilthe Common Law Bar, was far from a proficient in his own department, and was totally ignorant of Chancery practice, Lord Eldon resolutely refused to promote him. Before the office was filled up, the Chancellor was seized with a fit of the gout. The Regent called, and desired to be shown at once into his room. The servants replied that their master was much too ill to be seen. The Regent continued to press for admission, and, finding them inexorable, he bid them conduct him to the staircase, which he ascended, and, pointing to each door in succession, asked if Lord Eldon was there. Having by this method ascertained the right chamber, he entered unannounced, and, seating himself at the bedside, said, that the object of his visit was to beg again the appointment of Mr. Jekyll to the Mastership in Chancery. Lord Eldon declared his inability to comply; the Regent renewed his request; the Chancellor reiterated his refusal. There seemed no likelihood of a termination of the contest, when the Prince suddenly threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, "How I do pity Lady Eldon!" "Bless me!" exclaimed the Chancellor in his turn, "what is the matter?" "Nothing," said the Prince, "except that she will never see you again; for here I remain until you promise to make Jekyll a Master in Chancery." The Chancellor succumbed, and Jekyll had the post. A stronger example of royal importunity could not easily be imagined, but the moral we should deduce from it is the direct reverse of that of Lord Eldon. Nobody could have had a deeper sense of the impropriety of the step or been personally more averse to it; for he foresaw what was abundantly verified in the result, that yielding would increase his future embarrassment, by exposing him to harassing applications from the Common Law Bar, which had hitherto not aspired to Equity offices. Yet, in spite of his motives to stand firm, he was compelled to give way, and there was but one circumstance which would have empowered him to triumph - the certainty that the clamor of the public against him for making a blameable appointment would be more difficult to face than the displeasure of the Regent at his refusing to make it. To hold a patron responsible for

ment of it; and, instead of demonstrating that the censure was undeserved, he merely proved that it was insufficient. Jekyll himself was so satisfied of his incompetence, that, on being asked how he came to be picked out for the post, he answered, "Because he was the most unfit man in the country." Lord Eldon adds that his extreme ignorance of his duties was the cause of his getting through them with discretion. for it drove him to consult his brother Masters in difficult cases. This was a result which could not have been reckoned on, and amounts to nothing more at best than that an incapable officer who is willing to be prompted may do very well, provided he is joined with capable persons who are able to prompt him.

True as was the remark of Swift, the application which he chiefly intended it to have, was not a confirmation of it, for he was undoubtedly thinking of himself-of his own vast abilities, of the immense services he had rendered to Oxford and Bolingbroke, and their neglect to force the Queen to confer upon him the coveted bishopric. A declaimer on the neglect of merit is seldom worthy of much attention when the merit to which he inwardly refers is his own. Swift did not perceive, what the world, like him, is too apt to forget, that brilliant talents do not alone constitute fitness. If invention, if wit, if satire, if extensive learning, if singular knowledge of human nature were the sole endowments proper to the bench, no man living had an equal claim; but if a preference of theology to politics, if reverence, decency, language not foul, and sentiments not misanthropic, were at all indispensable, he was effecually disqualified. If the profoundest scholarship, if extraordinary gladiatorial skill, if forcible reasoning upon natural and revealed religion, expressed in pure and nervous language, could entitle their possessor to be ranked among the heads of the Church, then Swift's great contemporary, Dr. Bentley, should have been preferred before all otheas; but if to be quarrelsome, litigious, and arrogant, to have his hand against every man submitted to his rule till he drove every man to have his hand against him - if these were not episcopal virtues, no one could be named who the discharge of his trust is by his own was more properly excluded. Far from being a disgrace to the age of Queen Anne it with awe, he discovered upon a brief acthat two such intellects as Swift and Bentley should not have been advanced to the highest honors of their profession, they are signal examples of the unfitness which may coexist with the rarest faculties. Even the deepest divine and the most eloquent preacher might be far from being a proper person for He might be absorbed in his a bishop. books and compositions, and the duties of the station demand both bodily activity and a steady application to business. He might be a hot partisan, and, as the head of a church comprising men of many shades of opinion, it is requisite that he should be tolerant. He might be of a domineering disposition and of insolent manners, and it is necessary that he should be conciliatory and He might be deficient in tact and judgment, and his office is of a nature which calls for their hourly exercise. He might be avaricious, and he must be liberal; he might be lukewarm, and he must be earnest; he might be bitter, and he must be a Christian. To these disqualifications it may be added, that he might have solicited the office - a proceeding which Archbishop Whately states has not always proved a bar to the elevation, though he evidently considers it ought to be. "It is a sad sight," said Baxter, "when pride gets up into the pulpit to preach a sermon on humility," and just such another sad sight is an ambitious clergyman.

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There are many other cases in which men may make their way to station by a greater or less degree of merit, and in which the art of gaining power is still an imperfect guarantee of the faculty to use it well. A skilful debater in either House of Parliament is secure of high office, though a flow of language and a facility in raising or repelling objections is not much more evidence of a capacity for governing a kingdom, than dexterity in fencing is a proof of the ability to command an army. True political science is not merely needless in popular assemblies, it is positively distasteful, and those who are masters of it can rarely obtain it a hearing. The gorgeous imagery and lofty eloquence of Burke could not atone for the repulsiveness of his legislative wisdom, and few men spoke to thinner benches. The account which Lord Chesterfield has left of the House of Commons of his time is that, having entered

quaintance that of the five hundred and sixty members, not above thirty could understand reason. These thirty required plain sense in harmonious periods; the rest he calls a mob, who were only to be moved by an appeal to their passions, their sentiments, their seeming interests, and their senses. Graceful utterance and action pleased their eyes, elegant diction tickled their ears, but they could neither penetrate below the surface nor follow those who did. Though the senators of our day are probably on the whole a more educated assembly than in the reign of George I., the description of Lord Chesterfield is curiously confirmed by that which is given by Sir Robert Peel a century later. No man had taken a more exact measure of the House of Commons, or was more entirely devoted to it, and arguments to have weight with the representatives of the nation, must, he said, be such as were adapted to "people who know very little of the matter, care not much about it, half of whom have dined or are going to dine, and are only forcibly struck by that which they instantly comprehend without trouble." . The success of a speaker depends in great measure upon his keeping to this low level, or in other words upon his being in unison

* Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel: Part I., The Roman Catholic Question, p. 66. Mr. Macaulay has expressed similar opinions. "It is not," he says, "by accuracy or profundity that men become the masters of great assemblies. And why be at the charge of providing logic of the best quality, when a very inferior article will be equally acceptable? Why go as deep into a question as Burke, only in order to be, like Burke, coughed down, or left speaking to green benches and red boxes? The tendency of institutions like those of England is to encourage readiness in public men at the exis to encourage readiness in public men at the ex-pence both of fullness and exactness. The keenest and most vigorous minds of every generation, minds often admirably fitted for the investigation of truth, are habitually employed in producing arguments such as no man of sense would ever put into a treatise intended for publication; arguments which are just good enough to be used once, when aided by fluent delivery and pointed language. The talent for debate is developed in such men to a degree which, to the multitude, seems as marvellous as the performances of an Italian improvisatore. But they are fortunate indeed if they retain unimpaired the faculties which are required for close reasoning or for enlarged speculation. Indeed we should sooner expect a great original work on political science, such a work for example as the Wealth of Nations, from an apothecary in a country town, or from a minister in the Hebrides, than from a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons." with his hearers, which is the characteristic | juries, the tact, and the trickery, though that Burke particularly noted in Charles Townsend as the cause of his singular influence over his audience. If the matter is set off by luminous exposition, eloquence, wit, sarcasm, argument, which rarely happens, it is a proof of extraordinary intellectual endowments, but not of the qualities of a statesman; and when office is conferred for oratory which in style and substance rises little, and often not at all, above mediocrity, or even for a few sarcastic jests unredeemed by solid acquirements of any description, it ceases to be a wonder that the members of a government are not the least fallible of men. Great debaters have frequently been great ministers as well as the reverse, and where there is free discussion the power of words cannot be neglected. The error is habitually to prefer those who can talk before those who can counsel and act, - a superficial glibness of tongue to the more sterling accomplishments of thought, knowledge, foresight, and promptitude.

Brilliant success again at the bar leads naturally to the bench, and in the majority of instances no better test of fitness could be adopted. Nevertheless it is a test extremely uncertain, for the habit of mind which is acquired in espousing one side is widely different from that which arbitrates between both. Very distinguished lawyers who have worn the ermine in the memory of the present generation could never throw off the propensities of the advocate. If he succeeds in bringing his faculties into the requisite equilibrium, the qualities which made him an able counsel may be quite distinct from the functions of the judge. Garrow had a masterly skill in examining witnesses, which amounted to a genius for that department of his profession, and which, calibre, secured him for a long term of years the largest business of any man of his time. But his knowledge of law was nothing, and the talent in which he is supposed never to have been rivalled became nearly useless by his promotion to the bench. That confident and courageous warmth on behalf of clients, such as Lord Brougham describes in Mr.

peculiarly effective in gaining verdicts, must all be left behind on ascending the judgment-seat. Hence the leader at the bar has often proved an inferior magistrate, while many who were less conspicuous in the lower arena have earned themselves lasting renown among the administrators of justice. The deficiency is sometimes palpable beforehand, and improper appointments are wilfully made, but those who seem to promise best not unfrequently belie the expectations which were formed of them. Lord Brougham remarks of Lord Abinger that he was possessed of every endowment for the constitution of a consummate judge - "quickness, sagacity, learning, intregity, legal habits, great knowledge of men, practice at the bar of vast extent, and infinite variety, good nature withal and patience." He failed, however, from not " considering that it was a perfectly new duty which he had to perform," from an overweening opinion that he arrived a finished master at a position where it was necessary that he should first be a learner, and from refusing to employ the industry and to accept the assistance which were required to adapt his ample attainments to his altered functions.

There is one cause which, if no other were in operation, would constantly prevent men from being advanced in proportion to their merit. The public must be the arbiters, and they are often incompetent to judge. In the case of speakers we have seen that the showy qualities prevail over the solid, and Lord Bacon states the cause in uncompromising language when commenting upon the assertion of Demosthenes that "action" was the first, second, and third requisite of an orator. "A strange thing," says Bacon, "that that part which is but superficial, conjoined with other resources of a lower and rather the virtue of a player, should be placed so high above those other noble parts of invention, elocution, and the rest - nay, almost alone - as if it were all in all. But the reason is plain. There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent." It is the same with readers James Allan Park, and which Lord Cockburn as with hearers. Bishop Butler was taught says is a common characteristic of favorite by experience that of the multitudes who counsel who are not of the highest class, turned over books for amusement, for the the artful and impassioned addresses to sake of talking, or to qualify themselves for the world, very few cared to examine into | false and naught, and rather followeth vain the accuracy of assertions or the truth of persons than virtuous: for the common principles. This, he said, " was to the generality of people a circumstance of no consideration at all "-a phenomenon which to his earnest and inquiring mind appeared nothing less than "prodigious." The majority must, therefore, judge of books as of speeches - by their superficial characteristics. Nay, even as to these, the larger part of mankind will prefer false glitter to higher excellencies. Verbiage, bombast, and flowery images will impose upon them in an infinitely greater degree than those quiet graces which are the last perfection of style. So, too, a broad jest would be relished by persons who would be nearly insensible to the delicate and far more exquisite humor of Addison. In all departments of knowledge a just estimation and a correct taste can only be attained by an amount of study which is exceedingly rare. Sir Joshua Reynolds, on first visiting the Vatican, was mortified to discover that he could not appreciate the pictures of Raphael. He felt his ignorance and was abashed. Day by day he gazed at them and copied them; by degrees a new perception dawned upon him, and he recognized how unenlightened was his former opinion, and how incomparable were the works of the great master. He afterwards learnt that every student who examined them had passed through the same process, and that none were seized with instantaneous raptures, except those who were incapable of ever understanding them at all. The truth, he says, was, that if they had been what he had expected, they would have contained beauties which were merely superficial, and would not have deserved their rep-Experience and reflection conutation. vinced him that genuine excellence lay deep, that the florid style which captivated at no man ever attained to a right discernment in art without long labor and close attention. In everything, he remarks, it was the same. A nice ear for music and a just poetical taste were equally the work of time, and untutored nature formed conclusions which were repudiated by an educated judgment.

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The observation is not only true of intellectual things, but is equally applicable

people understand not many excellent virtues: the lowest virtues draw praise from them, the middle virtues work in them astonishment or admiration; but of the highest virtues they have no sense or perceiving at all, but shows and species virtutibus similes serve best with them."

"What a pregnant remark is this!" adds Archbishop Whately. "By the lowest of the virtues he means probably such as hospitality, liberality, good-humored court-esy, and the like; and these, he says, the common run of mankind are accustomed to Those which they admire, such as daring courage and firm fidelity to friends, or to the cause or party one has espoused, are what he ranks in the next highest place. But the most elevated virtues of all, such as disinterestedness and devoted public spirit, thorough-going even-handed justice, and disregard of unpopularity when duty requires, of these he says the vulgar have usually no notion. And he might have gone further, for it often happens that a large portion of mankind not only do not praise or admire the highest qualities, but even censure and despise them." - Whately's Bacon, p. 469.

Bacon in other parts of his Essays has specified qualities as calculated to win unenlightened approbation, which rather belong to the list of vices than even to the lowest "Vainglorious men," he of the virtues. says, for example, "are the scorn of the wise but the admiration of fools." ness, again, in state matters, he likens in the extent of its effects to action in oratory. "Yet boldness," he continues, "is a child of ignorance and baseness, far inferior to other parts. Nevertheless, it doth fascinate and bind hand and foot those that are either shallow in judgment or weak in courage, which are the greatest part, yea, and prevaileth with wise men at weak times." once was as false as it was alluring, and that Upon every point it appears, whether of head or heart, the capable judges are the minority; and though their decrees may ultimately prevail before the calm tribunal of posterity, when the crowd are content to receive the law from their superiors, it must often be otherwise in those decisions of the hour, in which the multitude claim their right to be heard. As long, in a word, as "there is more of the fool than of the wise to moral. "Praise," says Lord Bacon, "if in human nature," so long must wisdom be it be from the common people, is commonly frequently subordinate to folly, and the

lowest virtues be preferred to the highest. on his return to France, which was handed The possessor of the great and good gifts is not the sufferer. The main advantage to the individual is in the deserts themselves, and not in the recognition of them by others; as Bacon has it, we should "rather seek merit than fame." John Hunter was accustomed to say that "no great man ever desired to be great," - meaning that his delight and his reward were in the qualities which constituted his greatness, and not in the tributes which would make him appear great in the eyes of the world. The excellencies are the privilege; ambition is none.

Though Lord Bacon condescended to climb by crooked paths, he had far too extensive an acqueintance with the human heart, and, in spite of his deviations in practice, too many godlike aspirations of his own, to fall into an error which Archbishop Whately mentions

as common among evil men :

"It was remarked by an intelligent Roman Catholic that the confessional trains the priest to a knowledge not of human nature but of mental nosology. 'It may, therefore, qualify them,' he said, 'for the treatment of a depraved, but not of a pure Now, what the confessional is to the priest, that a knave's own heart is to him. He can form no notion of a nobler nature than his own. Miss Edgeworth describes such a person as one who divides all mankind into rogues and fools, and when he meets with an honest man of good sense does not know what to make of him. Nothing, it is said, more puzzled Bonaparte. He would offer a man money; if that failed, he would talk of glory, or promise him rank and power; but if all these temptations failed, he set him down for an idiot, or a half-mad dreamer. Conscience was a thing he could not understand."-Whately's Bacon, p. 202.

An English Ambassador who visited Rome was asked by Queen Caroline why he didnot endeavor to convert the Pope. "Because," he replied, "I had nothing better to offer his Holiness than what he already This we may presume was a jest; but Bonaparte himself was not a more avowed example of Archbishop Whately's observation than thousands of persons at home and abroad in the corrupt society of

about in manuscript. The Empress was informed of it, and endeavored to procure the destruction of the work. Madame Geoffrin was sent to Rulhière to offer him a consider. able bribe to throw it into the fire. eloquently demonstrated that it would be a base and cowardly action, which honor and virtue forbade. She heard him patiently to the end, and then calmly replied, "What! isn't it enough?" Archbishop Whately relates of a contemporary who long occupied an elevated position, that he imputed motives to all the world which a lofty nature would have considered base, but, having no notion of anything better, he entertained, says the Archbishop, no contempt for his kind, "was good-humored and far from a misanthrope, and no more despised men for not being superior to what he thought them than we despise horses and dogs for being no more than brutes." There is some excuse for the sweeping judgments of persons in high place, for they are condemned to see human nature under its basest aspects. Lord Brougham has put upon record his own official experience, and a darker picture could not well be drawn. "Cold calculations upon the death of those who stop the way, unfeeling acrimony towards competitors, unblushing falsehood in both its branches, boasting and detraction, the fury of disappointment when that has not been done which it was impossible to do, swift oblivion of all that has been granted, unreasonable expectation of more only because much has been given, not seldom favors repaid with hatred, as if by this unnatural course the account might be settled between gratitude and pride - such are the secrets of the heart which power soon discloses to its possessor." La Rochefoucauld has said that self-interest speaks all sorts of languages and personates all kinds of parts, even that of disinterestedness. There is none which the greedy petitioners for place personate so often. The transparent and disgusting hypocrisy of desiring preferment purely for the good of the country and from a sense of public duty, is stated by Lord Brougham to be incessant. Once, on his remarking to Lord Melbourne that nothe eighteenth century. Rulhière, who was body could tell till he came into office how at St. Petersburg in 1762, when Catherine base men were, the latter humorously caused her husband, Peter III., to be replied, "On the contrary, I never before murdered, wrote a history of the transaction had such an opinion of human virtue, for I

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now find that self-denial is the sole motive in determine all the cases and doubts in social seeking advancement, and personal gain the morality." La Rochefoucauld, on his part, only thing that is never dreamt of." Lord has his fundamental truth, and every one is Brougham brought away from his sorrowful familiar with the famous motto which he experience a benevolence unchilled and a faith in goodness undiminished, because he are generally vices in disguise." The five had the two grand correctives to a universal condemnation — a generous nature and an extended observation. He who is above the vices he witnesses knows, as Archbishop Whately well remarks, that there is, at least, one person superior to them, and he would conclude there must be more, even if he had none of the actual examples before his eyes which a large acquaintance with the world infallibly supplies. Indeed, the worst minister, and the most contracted in his view, might be expected to reflect that the worthy part of mankind would be the last to thrust themselves under his notice. People of nice honor and sensitive feelings, those who are truly disinterested and philanthropic,

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never approach him. It is the bird of prey which gathers where the carcase is. kinds which are not rapacious maintain their flight in a higher region and a less tainted atmosphere. If Sir Robert Walpole, according to the version of his biographer, which we believe to be the correct one, declared of his corrupt opponents, "all these men have their price," he uttered a truth as undoubted as his alleged maxim, "all men have their price," would have been false. Those patriots of whom he said "that they were easily raised, for it was but to refuse an unreasonable demand, and up sprung a patriot," were not the world, however convenient they might find it for their elfish ends to speak in its name.

of all the dark representations which have been given of the motives and dispositions of mankind, the most plausible and acute is embodied in the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld. "Fundamental truths," says Locke, "like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light to other things that without them could not be seen. Our Saviour's great rule that 'we should love our neighbor as ourselves' is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that I think by that alone one might without difficulty unconscious, or omit to state, that La

put as a text to his work-"Our virtues hundred and four pithy sentences which follow are mostly illustrations of this pervading principle. He says, for example, that "Virtue would not go so far if Vanity did not keep her company;" that "What we cut off from our other defects we frequently add to our pride; " that "Selfinterest, which we accuse of all our crimes, ought often to be praised for our good actions;" that "We sometimes imagine we hate flattery, but only hate the manner of flattering;" that "Women weep to get the reputation of being tender-hearted, weep that they may be pitied, weep to be wept, weep to avoid the discredit of not weeping." Wherever there is an appearance of good, he traces it up to evil motives, and these, again, he resolves into self-love. His creed is thus directly opposed to the precept of our Saviour, so beautifully set forth by Locke, and, if the latter is ever observed, the principle of La Rochefoucauld must in all such cases be untrue. Taken in its extremest latitude it involves complete infidelity as a consequence, for to believe that the rule of our Lord is habitually violated by the whole of mankind, is to assume that his Gospel is a nullity and that his entire mission on earth has been in gain. Rochefoucauld himself limits his assertion, and the same qualifying phrase which he introduces into the summary of his system is repeated in many of the succeeding maxims. In fact, his celebrated saying, "Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue, supposes the virtue to be real, or it would otherwise come under the denomination of hypocrisy, and there would be nothing left to which to do homage. His profligate followers have outstripped their master, and have often written of his delineation of human nature as though there were no exceptions to the hideous picture. They have especially delighted to quote one detestable proposition, to which he gives a universal application, - "In the misfortunes of our best friends there is always something which is not displeasing to us; " but they appear

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Rochefoucauld rejected it upon maturer | could be more pernicious than his, if it is consideration, and excluded it from the later editions of his work. Nor must it be forgotten, in extenuation of his cynical view, that the circle of each man's acquaintances is the world to him, and that the author of the "Maxims" derived his notions of his kind from the vitiated society of the upper classes during the regency of Anne of Austria and the reign of Louis XIV. However false as a general principle might be his assertion "that there is no one who believes himself in any quality inferior to the person whom he esteems the most," it might be truer than we should suspect of multitudes of his countrymen when Courier could say "that, with many faults, he must claim one great merit - he was the single person in France who did not imagine himself fit to be king." The definition of friendship, "that it is only a traffic in which self-love always expects to be a gainer," with other remarks of the same kind, imputing what ought to be the attachments of the heart to sordid interest, may easily be supposed a correct representation of the alliances he witnessed among the fawning courtiers, who, lost to manliness and independence, were engaged in a miserable rivalry for paltry distinctions and preferments. It must have been another sort of friendship of which he spoke later in life, when he said that "a true friend was the greatest of all blessings, and the one which we least thought of acquiring." The observation shows that he, at any rate, believed in the possibility of ties which are formed by esteem for personal qualities, without regard to grosser advantages; that he was at last convinced that man was capable of ennobling affections as well as of lower desires, and could love his neighbor without coveting his goods. By his own confession he was himself an example of it, for he profeesed "to entertain such an attachment to his friends that he would not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice his interests to theirs." After all allowances, however, his picture of mankind remains partial and bitter. Even Cardinal de Retz, who had been a leader in the same scenes, who had been accustomed to look at the world upon its blackest side, and belonged to that side himself, complained that La Rochefoucauld had too little faith in virtue. Few books them, and that other men would fain be as

received for the entire truth, and either teaches the reader misanthropy from the belief that all are bad, or profligacy from the notion that it is equally needless and vain to attempt to be better; few books are more useful, if it is employed as a manual for self-examination by which to probe our motives and to learn the deceitfulness of the heart. The false pretences which La Rochefoucauld has specified are defects to which everybody is, in some respects, originally prone, which numbers continue to practise habitually, and which are apt to intermingle with the higher impulses that ordinarily govern those who are laboring to be upright.

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Two maxims of La Rochefoucauld - one, "that before we wish eagerly for anything we should inquire into the happiness of him who possesses it; " the other, " that there is little we should desire ardently if we knew perfectly what we desired "-find their commentary in Bacon's Essay on "Great Place." Dr. Johnson maintained that all the arguments to show the misery of men in high station were deceptive, since everybody wished for it notwithstanding. This proves that the majority imagine that it produces happiness in spite of the reasons which are urged to the contrary, but does not prove that the happiness is real. "They desire it ardently because they do not know perfectly what they desire." Nobody was a greater dupe to the common opinion than Bacon himself, or in the excessive anxiety to attain his end had been less deterred from verifying his own observation, that "there is rarely any rising but by a commixture of good and evil arts." How little the eagerness of anticipation was a just evidence of the enjoyments of possession, which on Johnson's theory ought to have followed, may be seen in the impressive after-testimony of the illustrious Chancellor:

"The rising into place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Certainly great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy, for if they judge by their own feeling they cannot find it, but if they think with themselves what other men think of they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within; for they are the first that find their own griefs, though they be the last that find their own faults."—Essay XI. Whately's edition, p. 87.

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A caliph of Cordova is reported to have said when he was dying -" I have passed a reign of more than fifty years in peace or victory, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, respected by my allies. In this apparent prosperity I have kept count of the days that were really happy, and they amount to fourteen." The speech may have been invented to point a moral, but the history of kings has assuredly not been the history of human felicity, and their ministers, who have put their experience upon record, have seldom had a more flattering tale to tell than Chancellor Bacon. His contemporary and cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, who was principal Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth and James I., and ultimately Lord High Treasurer, may speak for the major part of them in the letter in which he poured out his feelings to a friend in 1604, when he was acknowledged to be the ablest, as he appeared the most enviable, statesmen of his time. "Give heed to one that hath sorrowed in the bright lustre of a court and gone heavily over the best seeming fair ground. It is a great task to prove one's honesty, and yet not spoil one's fortune. You have tasted a little hereof in our blessed queen's time, who was more than a man, and in truth sometimes less than a woman. I wish I waited now in her presence-chamber, with ease at my food and rest in my bed. I am pushed from the shore of comfort, and know not where the winds and waves of a court will bear me; I know it bringeth little comfort on earth; and he is, I reckon, no wise man that looketh this way to heaven." There is a deep pathos in the words to those who weigh them, and not the least touching part of the confession is the avowed struggle between virtue and ambition, and the undisguised consciousness that ambition would triumph. This is one of the misfortunes of power, that those who have tasted it can neither be happy with it nor without it; they are uneasy upon their eminence, and yet are mortified to come down from it, tenaciously clinging to the dignity

In every stage, as Lord Bacon found, the distress predominates - the upward course toilsome, the standing-place painful, the descent melancholy. In the conflict of such feelings Cecil had never the courage to resign, and yet was thankful when a king more absolute than the monarch he served gave him his dismissal. "Ease and pleasure," he said, "quake to hear of death; but my life, full of cares and miseries, desireth to be dissolved." The downfall from power, which Cecil escaped, is the more usual fate of ministers; and though the tenure of kings is in theory permanent, and their overthrow as much rarer as it is more disastrous when it occurs, yet the contemporaneous examples of dethroned sovereigns, when Voltaire wrote his "Candide," were sufficiently numerous to suggest one of the most striking passages in the work. Candide, at Venice, sits down to supper with six strangers who are staying at the same hotel with himself; and as the servants, to his astonishment, address each of them by the title of "Your Majesty," he asks for an explanation of the pleasantry:

"I am not jesting, said the first; I am Achmet III.; I was Sultan several years; I dethroned my brother, and my nephew has dethroned me. They have cut off the heads of my viziers; I shall pass the remainder of my days in the old Seraglio; my nephew, the Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes permits me to travel for my health, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

"A young man who was close to Achmet spoke next, and said, My name is Ivan; I have been Emperor of all the Russias; I was dethroned when I was in my cradle; my father and my mother have been incarcerated; I was brought up in prison; I have sometimes permission to travel attended by my keepers, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

"The third said, I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has surrendered his rights to me; I have fought to sustain them; my vanquishers have torn out the hearts of eight hundred of my partisans; I have been put into prison; I am going to Rome to pay a visit to my father, dethroned like my grandfather and myself, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

"The fourth then spoke, and said, I am King of Poland; the fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary states;" my

from it, tenaciously clinging to the dignity *Augustus III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. The electorate, from which he was twice driven by Frederick the Great, was the hereditary

father experienced the same reverses; I resign myself to the will of Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and the King Charles Edward, to whom God grant a long life, and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

"The fifth said, I am also King of Poland; "I have lost my kingdom twice, but Providence has given me another state in which I have done more good than all the kings of Sarmatia put together have ever done on the banks of the Vistula. I also resign myself to the will of Providence and I have come to pass the Carnival at Venice.

"There remained a sixth monarch to speak. Gentlemen, he said, I am not so great a sovereign as the rest, but I, too, have been a king. I am Theodore, who was elected King of Corsica; I was called 'your Majesty,' and at present am hardly called 'Sir;' I have caused money to be coined, and do not now possess a penny; I have had two secretaries of state, and have now scarcely a servant; I have sat upon a throne and was long in a prison in London upon straw, and am afraid of being treated in the same manner here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to pass the carnival at Venice.

"The five other Kings heard this confession with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore twenty sequins to buy some clothes and shirts. Candide presented him with a diamond worth two thousand sequins. Who, said the five Kings, is this man who can afford to give a hundred times as much as any of us? Are you, Sir, also a king?—No, your Majesties, and I have

no desire to be.'

The last stroke is an instance of Voltaire's consummate art, very common with him, in conveying his moral by a single phrase, which tells with electric rapidity and force. These reflections upon the vanity of human wishes are usually numbered among the commonplaces of moralists, and are supposed to be dismissed with formal acquiescence and

state of which Voltaire speaks. His father, Augustus II., became King of Poland in 1697, was disposed in 1704, recovered the crown in 1709, and retained it till his death in 1733. His electorate of Saxony was overrun in 1706 by Charles XII. of Sweden.

* Stanislaus Leszczynski. He was elected King of Poland in 1704, through the influence of Charles XII., and was dethroned in 1709, after the battle of Pultowa. He was re-elected in 1733, on the death of Augustus II., and was soon after dispossessed of his kingdom by Augustus III. In 1736 he was invested for life with the duchies of Lorraine and Bar, and it was here, by public works and the patronage of literature, that he earned the eulogy of Voltaire.

secret dissent. There is nothing, nevertheless, more deserving of attention. There are thousands upon thousands who, as far as the inevitable trials of life will permit, possess all the elements of happiness except the belief that they possess them. The sum of felicity would be multiplied to an extent beyond calculation if men would make the most of what they have instead of craving what they have not, and the practical testimony of the Bacons and Cecils to the worse than worthlessness of the things which are rated highest is surely a lesson to teach genuine contentment, and turn ambition into thankfulness. "I thank God," said Montesquieu, "that, having bestowed upon me a mean in all things, he has also put a little moderation in my soul." There will always be plenty to struggle for pre-eminence; but religion, philosophy, and experience are more efficacious than they seem, because by reconciling men to obscurity the result attracts less attention in proportion as it is complete.

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With all his worldly shrewdness the passion for wealth is not more countenanced by Bacon than the passion for place. "The ways to enrich," he says, "are many, and most of them foul: parsimony is one of the best, and yet is not innocent, for it withholdeth men from works of liberality and charity." He remarks that a large fortune is of no solid use to the owner, except to increase his means of giving. "The rest is but conceit; the personal fruition in any man cannot reach to feel great riches." This is a profound observation, and goes to the root of the common fallacy that happiness will increase with money. To a casual glance the circle of enjoyments appears to be enlarged, but in reality it is only changed, and the extraordinary gratification ceases with novelty. Gray had arrived at the same conclusion as Bacon. "There is but one real evil in poverty (take my word, who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others who have not the same resources to support them." Dr. Johnson, indeed, argued that wealth would buy respect, and respect pleasure. "If six hundred pounds a year," he said, "procure a man more consequence, and of course more happiness, than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on as far as opulence can be carried." The theory is not confirmed by experience. does not increase with this steady progression, but quickly finds its limits, nor is the consequence which money purchases of a nature to confer substantial satisfaction. Montesquieu says he has found that most people only slaved to make a large fortune to be in despair when they had made it because they were not high-born. The separation of ranks was maintained in France with far greater rigor than with us, and money did less in breaking down the barrier which divided the aristocrat from the millionnaire. Yet as even in England the consideration obtainable by wealth alone is incomplete, no one can fail to have remarked that the effect upon the owner is rather to render him restless than contented. The desire for social distinction has been kindled in his mind, and he is far more irritated by what is denied him than soothed by what he can get. Whatever may be the particular advantages of wealth, the application of La Rochefoucauld's rule to observe how far the possessor is happy before desiring the possessions, must at least satisfy competent inquirers that the balance of true enjoyment is not in his favor. One reason for desiring riches is peculiarly specious, which is to be above the necessity of a rigid economy or the pressure of debt; but a striking and instructive note of Archbishop Whately shows that even this plausible expectation is deceptive :

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"It is worth remarking, as a curious circumstance, and the reverse of what many would expect, that the expenses called for by a real or imagined necessity of those who have large incomes are greater in proportion than those of persons with slenderer means; and that consequently a larger proportion of what are called the rich are in embarrassed circumstances than of the poorer. This is often overlooked, because the absolute number of those with large incomes is so much less, that, of course, the absolute number of persons under pecuniary difficulties in the poorer classes must form a very great majority. But if you look to the proportions, it is quite the reverse. Take the number of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes from £100 per annum up to £100,000 per annum, and you will find the per-centage of those who are under pecuniary difficulties continually augmenting as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find one that is not deeply in-

The consequence of the rich larger the income the harder it is to live rease with this steady progres- within it."—Whately's Bacon, p. 270.

In other words, the temptation to spend increases in a greater ratio than the wealth. An accession of fortune would at first afford relief, but in a short time it would, to the majority of persons, be more difficult to keep within the bounds of the larger sum than of the less. This common tendency of mankind to go beyond their means has occasioned competence to be defined as three hundred a year more than you possess. With the very rich, for three hundred it would often be necessary to read thirty thousand: since not only is the proportion of involved people greatest among those who have the amplest incomes, but their embarrassments bear a larger proportion to their resources and the demands which are made upon them. As Cowley says, "The poor rich man 's emphatically poor." The remedy for debt, after the absolute essentials of each station are supplied, is therefore plainly to be sought in increased economy, and not in increased wealth. It was to insure the necessary thrift that Swift said "a wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart "- should look after it both in the making and the spending, to escape the miseries which the want of it produces, but should beware of loving it. He prided himself much upon a maxim which hit the true medium between imprudence and covetousness, and declared it ought to be written in letters of diamond. Lord Bolingbroke, who knew his propensity, replied that "a wise man should take care how he lets money get too much into his head, for it would most assuredly descend to the heart, the seat of the passions." There, accordingly, it did descend as he advanced in years. Each must watch against his predominant tendency - the profuse learn to be frugal, the parsimonious to be liberal.

Sons under pecuniary difficulties in the poorer classes must form a very great majority. But if you look to the proportions, it is quite the reverse. Take the number of persons of each amount of income, divided into classes from £100 per annum up to £100,000 per annum, and you will find the per-centage of those who are under pecuniary difficulties continually augmenting as you go upwards. And when you come to sovereign states, whose revenue is reckoned by millions, you will hardly find one that is not deeply involved in debt! So that it would appear the

the just distinction that though poverty is bidden means. It makes all the difference not disgraceful, the exhibition of it is felt to be indecent. "A man of sense is not ashamed of confessing it; but he keeps the marks of it out of sight." He mentions that a person, who disputed the assertion, observed in refutation of it, "Why, this coat that I now have on I have had turned because I could not well afford a new one, and I care not who knows it." His instance, as the Archbishop acutely remarks, proved the point he was controverting, or he would have worn the coat without turning. "He might have had it scoured if needful; but though clean, it would still have looked threadbare; and he did not like to make this display of poverty." If his principle had been correct he would have been content, in weather when he did not require it for warmth, to walk the streets, or call upon his friends, without any coat at all, and might have alleged the same reason, that he could not well afford to wear one every day. Ignorance of this difference between shame of poverty itself, and shame of being compelled to expose it in ways which are a violation of the established proprieties of life, has given rise to many erroneous judgments. Among the companions of Reynolds, when he was studying his art at Rome, was a fellow-pupil of the name of Astley. They made an excursion, with some others, on a sultry day, and all except Astley took off their coats. After several taunts he was persuaded to do the same, and displayed on the back of his waistcoat a foaming waterfall. Distress had compelled him to patch his clothes with one of his own landscapes. His reluctance to exhibit his expedient is imputed by one biographer to "a proud heart." It was more likely to be due to a sense of decorum.

Archbishop Whately points out that there are other things which are no discredit, but which delicacy keeps in the background because they are offensive when obtruded, and among these he names selflove, or the deliberate desire for our own Persons not accustomed to reflect are sometimes confounded when a sophist, who is culpably selfish, maintains that they, in their way, are selfish like himself. But it is not the desire for happiness

Archbishop Whately, however, dwells upon | it through pernicious objects and by forwhether it is sought through doing good or injury to others, through virtue or vice, through obeying or disobeying the commands Not that those who act from of God. principle have habitually or even usually before their minds the blessing to themselves which is the ultimate consequence of their conduct, for the precepts by which they are guided are intrinsically beautiful, and when once they are justly appreciated are loved on It is the essential their own account. characteristic of the moral regulations of Omnipotence that being contrived in infinite wisdom they carry with them in the long run every advantage. They are delightful in themselves, and the very same act which is best for each is for the benefit of all. "It is curious to observe," says Archbishop Whately, "how people who are always thinking of their own pleasure or interest, will often, if possessing considerable ability, make others give way to them, and obtain everything they seek, except happiness. For like a spoiled child, who at length cries for the moon, they are always dissatisfied. And the benevolent, who are always thinking of others, and sacrificing their own personal gratifications, are usually the happiest of mankind."

In treating of the difference between the "disgraceful" and the "indecent," Archbishop Whately mentions that the Greeks and the Romans unfortunately had not, like ourselves, a separate word for each; turpe and atoxeov served to express both. "Some of the ancient philosophers," he adds, " especially the Cynics, founded paradoxes on this ambiguity, and thus bewildered themselves and their hearers." It is a peculiar excellence of the writings of the Archbishop that he is careful to weigh the signification of words, and examine whether they give a true representation of things. Upon the observation of Lord Bacon that "time is the greatest innovator," he makes the useful remark, that though this is an allowable and convenient mode of speaking, effects are produced not by time but in time. "In reality," he continues, quoting from Bishop Copleston, "time does nothing and is nothing. We use it as a compendious expression for all those causes which operate which is criminal, but the attempt to obtain slowly and imperceptibly, but unless some positive cause is in action no change takes place in the lapse of a thousand years." Bishop Copleston probably borrowed the reflection from Hooker, who says "that time doth but measure other things, and neither worketh in them any real effect nor is itself ever capable of any."* Our sense of the importance and responsibility of human actions is extremely increased by the consideration. Out of the physical laws of nature, and the operations of the brute creation, there is no other agent but man. In laws, in government, in arts, in sciences, in every possible institution, all evil and all good are the direct result of his proceedings.

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While we are on the subject of language it may be well to mention that both Archbishop Whately and Bishop Copleston appear to us to be mistaken in their derivation of "toad-eater." The Bishop supposes it to come from the "Spanish todito, a familiar diminutive of todo (toto), one who does everything for you - a fac-totum - a frequent number of the Spanish household." He seems to have overlooked the objection that the transformation of words of foreign origin into English terms of a similar sound and of an entirely different meaning, can only take place through the ignorant; and when it is remembered that "toad-eater" did not come into use till the early part of the last century, and was a phrase of the educated classes, which has hardly even now descended to the lower, it is almost impossible that it should uniformly have been written and printed in its corrupted form

*"And, therefore," proceeds this great and exact thinker, "when commonly we use to say that time doth eat or fret out all things, that some men see prosperous and happy days, and that some men's days are miserable, in all these and the like speeches that which is uttered of the time is not verified of time itself, but agreeth unto those things which are in time, and do by means of so near conjunction either lay their burden upon the back, or set their crown upon the head of time. Yea, the very opportunities which we ascribe to time, do, in truth, cleave to the things themselves wherewith time is joined; as for time, it neither causeth things nor opportunities of things, although it comprise and contain both."—Hooker's Works, vol. ii. p 383, ed. Keble. It is not very likely that the Cardinal Imperiali had ever read Shakspeare, but he expressed under a different metaphor that same "opportunity of time," of which the poet speaks in his famous passage,—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."

without leaving in any author the slightest trace of its source. Archbishop Whately thinks that "toad" is an equally improbable origin, and derives the term from a cognate expression which he sufficiently indicates by the remark, that one element in etymology is the tendency to alter the pronunciation of any word which is in itself unbecoming. Toad, however, is right. In the "Adventures of David Simple," a novel by Miss Fielding, which appeared in 1744, the word is used by one of the characters, and was then so uncommon, that an explanation is asked by another, who says " it is a term he had never heard before." — "I don't wonder, sir," is the reply, "you never heard of it; I wish I had spent my life without knowing the meaning of it. It is a metaphor taken from a mountebank's boy eating toads in order to show his master's skill in expelling poison. It is built on a supposition, which I am afraid is too generally true, that people who are so unhappy as to be in a state of dependence, are forced to do the most nauseous things that can be thought on, to please and humor their patrons." Conjectural etymology is little better than jugglery. Where we have the opportunity to compare the guess with the fact, the former has almost always proved to be wrong, and the known origin of many words is sufficient to show that no ingenuity could divine the circumstances from which they were derived if once their history was

In the annotations upon Bacon's Essay on "Custom and Education," Archbishop Whately has again to observe upon a confusion of terms which were formerly kept distinct. "At the present day it is common to use the words 'custom' and 'habit' as synonymous, and often to employ the latter where Bacon would have used the former. But, strictly speaking, they denote respectively the cause and the effect. Repeated acts constitute the 'custom,' and the 'habit' is the condition of mind or body thence resulting." It was thus that Addison applied the terms when he spoke of "habits being contracted by long custom."

"Many examples," says Lord Bacon, "may be put of the force of custom both upon mind and body;" and, though there is no truth more familiar, the enumeration of examples never fails to strengthen our sense

[&]quot;There is nobody," said the Cardinal, "whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she finds he is not ready to receive her, she goes in at the door, and out through the window."

of its importance. Addison dwells upon one ciple at work. All appreciation depends grand feature, that it renders things pleasant which at the commencement were painful. He quotes an observation of Bacon, that the palate acquires a peculiar relish for liquors, such as coffee and claret, which at the first taste are disagreeable; and the assertion holds of a thousand particulars. Numerous hardships are the comforts of those who have been long inured to them. The Highlanders could with difficulty be persuaded to occupy the tents they took from the English at the battle of Preston-pans, and at the end of a Scottish autumn preferred to lie in the open air. Even a short apprenticeship produces the effect in a lesser degree. When Benjamin Franklin was employed in superintending the erection of some forts as a defence against the Indians on the frontier, he passed his nights wrapped up in a blanket on the hard floor of a hut, and on his first return to civilized life could scarcely sleep in a bed. The same sensations were experienced by Captain Ross and his crew when they were taken on board the Isabella after their Polar wanderings. Accustomed to lie on the frozen snow or the bare rock, the accommodations of a whaler were too luxurious for them, and Captain Ross was obliged to exchange his hammock for a chair. His comrades, he says, could rest little better than himself, and it required time to reconcile them to their primitive comforts. This beneficent law of our nature equalizes to a degree beyond what most persons imagine the happiness of the different classes of mankind. The ruder habitations, the coarser fare, the bodily toil of the poor are not ungrateful to them, and it is only when they drop below their average condition that their sufferings commence. They may, like richer men, be troubled by the cravings of discontent, but their senses are not afflicted by circumstances which custom has rendered natural. As it is with the body, so with the mind. Lord Somers told Addison that, having been obliged to search among old records, the task which at the outset was excessively irksome became so exceedingly pleasant that he preferred it to reading Virgil or Cicero, although classical literature bad been his constant delight. It is a frequent remark that those who have risen to the highest eminence in the law con-

upon knowledge, and a minuter acquaintance with subjects which to the eye of ignorance present a barren and repulsive prospect, discloses unexpected attractions to the mind. There is no profession which by the combined force of custom and its own inherent interest, will not prove agreeable if once its elements are mastered. Those who retire in disgust have rarely applied with vigor to the task, and a lazy or sullen routine neither communicates knowledge, nor forms habits, unless it be the habit of laziness and sullenness.

The influence of use in subduing painful sensations is conspicuous in the medical profession. The horror of dissections, the sickening faintness produced by the sight of wounds and operations, would incapacitate men from lending to nature the resources of art unless the feelings were blunted by the repetition of the spectacle. But here the gain seems upon a superficial view to be attended with a loss. If the oftener we witness suffering the less we are moved by it, there appears a risk that our desire to alleviate it will be proportionably diminished. Bishop Butler, the profoundest and most practical of metaphysicians, who applied his intimate knowledge of the subtle laws of the mind to show the wisdom which contrived it, and to correct the evils which beset it, has cleared away the difficulty in one of the most luminous and important passages of his incomparable work. What he calls the passive impression, the mere involuntary sentiment of pity, is weakened by familiarity with distress; but as the original compassion is an incentive to render relief, those who obey the call have their habits of benevolence strengthened in the same degree that their mental uneasiness is decreased. Every time the exhibition of misery hardens our feelings, the effort to remove it invigorates our charity. Pity begets beneficence, and the practice of beneficence dispenses with the necessity for the painful instigation of heart-rending pity. No one can contemplate these effects of custom - the deadening of a sensation which, if it was continuous, would render philanthropy torture, and the contemporaneous impulse given to the active exertions which are to carry relief - and not admire the wonderful work of the Creator in the moral constitution ceived in the beginning a disgust of the of man. Paley was so impressed with the study. There is, indeed, here a second prin- necessity of fostering the habit of beneficence, because it is a quality cherished by indul- and by no means to require a special educagence and soon obliterated by neglect, that he advised the bestowing alms upon beggars of dubious credit on the ground that a wise man will do for his own sake what he would hesitate to do for the sake of the petitioner. As, however, there are always abundance of deserving objects, there can be no occasion to have recourse to doubtful or pernicious modes of maintaining the principle. "If," says Archbishop Whately, "you give freely to ragged and filthy street-beggars, you are in fact hiring people to dress themselves in filthy rags, and go about begging with fictitious tales of distress." Thus imposture is encouraged and the virtue of him who gives would be kept alive by stimulating vice in him who receives.

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It would be superfluous to quote examples of the tyranny of bad habits, for the evil is everywhere. The deeper the chain cuts, the more impotent is the galled victim to shake it off; the more it becomes his curse, the more surely does he make it his choice. The practice even survives the motives which produced it. "Though the Count," says Fielding, describing the social intercourse between the fraudulent gamester and the thief, "knew if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them." The bootless habit will sometimes predominate over death itself. Contades, a sycophant of Richelieu, wrote in his last moments to the Cardinal that he was happy to die before him, that he might not witness the end of so illustrious a statesman. Fawning and flattery could avail him no longer, but he was the slave of a past which was more potent with him than the tremendous future upon which he was entering.

The persevering cultivation of our faculties is a form of custom, and the repetition of an act, with the addition of aiming in each repetition at increasing excellence, is productive both of facility and improvement. The process is exemplified in a hundred familiar circumstances, but it strikes us most when the acquirement is out of the usual routine, though not, perhaps, in itself at all more extraordinary than what we hourly witness. The eye, when perfect, might be supposed to ing treatise on "The Security and Manufacture of reveal to one person what it does to another, Bank Notes," by Mr. Henry Bradbury.

tion for each set of objects. In nothing, on the contrary, are the effects of training more conspicuous, or to the uninitiated more surprising. Gainsborough says, that an artist knows an original from a copy by observing the touch of the pencil, for there will be the same individuality in the strokes of the brush as in the strokes of a pen. Those who can at once distinguish between different sorts of handwriting are yet often astonished at the possession of the faculty when it is exercised upon pictures. No engraver in like manner can counterfeit the style of another. brethren of the craft would not only immediately detect the forgery, but would recognise the distinctive strokes of the forger.* Sir Joshua Reynolds states that a jeweller will be amazed when an inexperienced person is incapable of seeing the difference between a couple of diamonds of unequal brilliancy, "not considering that there was a time when he himself could not have been able to pronounce which of the two was the more perfect." A shepherd can tell every sheep in his flock by its countenance, which nevertheless seems strange to many who discriminate instantly in human beings between face and There is no other difficulty in the case than that they are not accustomed to observe sheep in the same degree as men. Sovereigns receive a multitude of persons at their courts who are flattered by being remembered and by any allusion to past conversations and cir-The impression left is, that cumstances. there must be a peculiar regard when the recollection has survived the public events which have intervened, and the unceasing excitement, pomp, and dignity which encompass The presumed exception is the The importance attached to such complimentary notices causes princes to cultivate the power, and Gibbon had noticed that all the royal families in Europe were remarkable, for the faculty of recognizing individuals and of recalling proper names. The Marquis de Bouillé said it was like a sixth sense bestowed " Are you the relaupon them by nature. tion of the Abbé de Montesquieu that I saw here in company with the Abbé d'Estrades?" inquired Victor II. of Montesquieu when he "Your Majesty," he visited Piedmont.

answered, "is like Cæsar, who never forgot found to be the people in fashion, and most any name." Montesquieu himself records his reply, for he thought it was happy, and that he had delicately compared his Sardinian Majesty to Cæsar. He was not aware that all monarchs were Cæsars in this particular, and the possession of the same faculty in an unusual degree by an entire order of persons of different sexes, nations, and lineage, and of very unequal and often inferior capacities, is a plain proof of the skill which practice begets. Henderson, the actor, after a single reading of a newspaper repeated such an enormous portion of it as seemed utterly "If you had been obliged, like marvellous. me," he said in reply to the surprise expressed by his auditors, "to depend during many years for your daily bread on getting words by heart, you would not be so much astonished at habit having produced the facility." Euler in consequence of his almost total blindness was obliged to work those calculalations in his mind which others put upon paper, and to retain those formulæ in his head for which others trust chiefly to books. The extent, the readiness, and accuracy of his mathematical memory grew by this means to be prodigious, and D'Alembert declared that it was barely credible to those who had not witnessed it. The instances in which there is a strong motive to attain an end shows the unsuspected triumphs of which the understanding is capable. The reason why they are so rare is, that men ordinarily relax their efforts when the imperative demands of life have been satisfied. would hardly be any limit to improvement if the same pains which they were compelled to take to gain their resting-place were afterwards employed in rising to fresh heights.

The account which Lord Chesterfield gives of the method by which he acquired the reputation of being the most polished man in England, is a strong example, in a comparatively trivial but not unimportant matter, of the efficacy of practice. His appearance was much against him, and he had by nature none of the grace which afterwards distinguished him. "I had a strong desire," he says, "to please, and was sensible that I had nothing but the desire. I therefore resolved, if possible, to acquire the means, too. I studied attentively and minutely the dress, the air, the manner, the address, and the

generally allowed to please. I imitated them as well as I could: if I heard that one man was reckoned remarkably genteel, I carefully watched his dress, motions, and attitudes, and formed my own upon them. When I heard of another whose conversation was agreeable and engaging, I listened and attended to the turn of it. I addressed myself. though de très mauvaise grace, to all the most fashionable fine ladies; confessed and laughed with them at my own awkwardness and rawness, recommending myself as an object for them to try their skill in forming." Lord Bacon says, that "to attain good manners it almost sufficeth not to despise them, and that if a man labor too much to express them, he shall lose their grace, which is to be natural and unaffected." To this we may add the observation of La Rochefoucauld, that in manners there are no good copies, for besides that the copy is almost always clumsy or exaggerated, the air which is suited to one person sits ill upon another. The greater must have been the perseverance of Lord Chesterfield to enable him to acquire the art by which art is concealed, and to assimilate borrowed graces to himself without their degenerating into the stiffness and incongruity He was equally reof servile imitation. solved to be an orator, and until he had attained his aim he neglected nothing which could conduce to it. He determined not to speak one word in conversation which was not the fittest he could recall, and he impressed upon his son that he should never deliver the commonest order to a servant, "but in the best language he could find, and with the best utterance." For many years he wrote down every brilliant passage he met with in his reading, and either translated it into French, or, if it was in a foreign language, into English. A certain eloquence became at last, he says, habitual to him, and it would have given, him more trouble to express himself inelegantly than ever he had taken to avoid the defect. Lord Bolingbroke, who could talk all day just as perfectly as he wrote, told him that he owed the power to the same cause - an early and constant attention to his style. After Pope had undertaken to translate the Iliad he was terrified at the difficulty of the task, had his rest broken by dreams of long journeys, through unknown turn of conversation of all those whom I ways, and wished that somebody would hang easy, by practice, that he often dispatched according as we have been accustomed. Thus forty or fifty lines in a morning before leaving his bed, and could at last compose more readily in verse than in prose. In short, the instances are endless. The truth is not less clearly manifested in the inferiority of the greatest intellects, in the matters which they have neglected, to the average run of man-The want of power which Sir Isaac Newton exhibited on the ordinary topics which most engage the attention of the world, has often been noticed, and persons ignorant of mathematics and science can hardly credit, when they read his letters, that he was the prodigy of genius which his admirers pretend. Yet certain it is that he overtopped every mortal, ancient or modern, and the little talent which he displayed in lesser things is only an evidence that the sublimest understanding cannot dispense with the practice which makes perfect. Absorbed by his lofty and abstruse speculations, he was abstracted from the pursuits which engaged his fellowmen, and when he turned to new departments of knowledge his mind had become fixed by the exclusive addiction to his peculiar studies, and had lost its pliancy.

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It is a comprehensive observation of Bacon upon this subject, which can never be too carefully treasured up, that we think according to our inclinations, speak according to

The harassing occupation became so the opinions we have been taught, and act it is common for a man upon the same point to think one thing, say another, and do a third. The native disposition and the infused precepts are overborne by his habits, and after theorizing like a sage he may not improbably act like a knave or a fool. There is no more pre-eminent merit, both in the text of Bacon and the Notes of his commentator, than that their reflections carry with them a practical sense and a force of conviction which is a powerful antidote to this usual error. They not only teach wisdom, but they instil the desire to be wise. There cannot be a stronger inducement to study them. In the few topics upon which we have treated, we are conscious that we have neither done justice to the great variety of the truths which Archbishop Whately has put forth, nor to his mode of enforcing them. The cogency of his arguments, as well as the larger part of the valuable lessons he inculcates, must be sought in his book. Nor will the benefit stop with the direct information which he delivers. He is one of those thoughtful writers who set others thinking, and it is impossible to accompany him to the end without desiring to push on further in that grand track of truth in which he is so original and distinguished a pioneer.

A PLAIN unlettered man from the back country in the State of Alabama came to Tuscaloosa, and on the Sabbath went early to church. He had been accustomed to attend meetings in schoolhouses and private dwellings, where each one appropriated to themselves the first convenient seat which they found unoccupied. He selected, therefore, a seat in a convenient slip, and awaited patiently the assembling of the congregation. The services commenced. Presently the music of a full-toned organ burst upon his astonished ear; he had never heard one before. At the same time the gentleman who owned the slip came up the aisle, with his lady leaning upon his arm. As he approached the door of the slip, he motioned to the countryman to come out in order to give place to the lady. This movement the countryman did not comprehend, and, from the situation of the gen-tleman and lady, associated as it was in his mind with the music, he immediately concluded that a cotillon, or French contra-dance, or some other dance, was intended. Rising partly from his seat, he said to the gentlemen, who was still beckoning to him: "Excuse me, sir—excuse his way to the sea.—Land of the Saracen. me, if you please - I don't dance. "

THE GARDEN OF SYRIA. - Leaving the meadows, we entered a lane of the wildest, richest and loveliest bloom and foliage. Our way was overhung with hedges of pomegranate, myrtle, oleander and white rose in blossom, and occasionally with quince, fig, and carob trees, laced together with grape vines in fragrant bloom. Sometimes this wilderness of color met above our heads and made a twilight; then it opened into long, dazzling, sun-bright vistas, where the hues of the cleander, pomegranate, and white roses made the eye wink with their gorgeous The mountains we crossed were profusion. covered with thickets of myrtle, mastic, daphne, and arbutus, and all the valleys and sloping meads waved with fig, mulberry, and olive trees Looking toward the sea, the valley broadened out between mountain ranges whose summits were lost in the clouds.

So, by this glorious lane, over the myrtled hills and down into the valleys, whose bed was one hue of rose from the blossoming oleanders, we travelled for five hours, crossing the low range of hills through which the Orontes forces Poetical Works of Ben Jonson. Edited by Robert Bell. (Annotated edition of the English Poets.) Parker and Son.

Our minds might have a special recreation of their own in the bright holiday season, when labor is intermitted and new books are rare, if we would send them forth to drink the waters of the English Helicon. Why should they not go in this time of rest, and talk with the old poets at that overmuch neglected spa? There is so much work of the day to do, and so much reading of the day to suffer, in the busy time of life, that very many educated people know the best poets of England only as the friends of youth to whom they have turned seldom or never in their later years. They are wise men who, in such circumstances, think it worth while to refresh their wits with the best literature, while they refresh their bodies with the best air they can get.

By help of Mr. Bell, in his excellent Annotated Edition, we may now read old English poets in new books, cheap, elegant, and handy, and with good scholarly annotation which brings down the illustration of their spirit and their meaning to the latest date. Here is rare Ben Jonson, for example, contained in his poems: for his poems did contain him, though his plays did not. He was a burly and impetuous old fellow, who weighed in the flesh near upon twenty stone, had a face rough as a rock, a temper not less rugged, and a heart as fine as it was noble. He did all things lustily, as Mr. Bell observes, when telling how at his first communion, after a twelve years' abiding in the Church of Rome, he drank a full cup of the sacramental wine. He had accepted the teachings of the Roman Church from the priest who came to him when he lay in jail, grieving because he had killed Gabriel Spencer in a duel, although Gabriel had brought a weapon ten inches longer than his own. He had before then killed a stout man in the wars, in presence of two armies. when, as a youth, he had exchanged the trowel for the sword. From the sword, as we all know, he came afterwards to the pen, and did a sword's work with it now and then. If he had in him the roughness of his time, and loved luxury and pleasure, it must be said too that he had more than the virtues common to his age. He had given Fletcher a

drubbing both with stick and with pen, before he made friends with him, and became his genial comrade. He was in all things emphatically a man. And in a servile age he was too stout a man to bow before a lord for his mere lordship's sake.

"ON SOMETHING, THAT WALKS SOMEWHERE." At court I met it, in clothes brave enough
To be a courtier; and looks grave enough
To seem a statesman: as I near it came,
It made me a great face; I asked the name.
A Lord, it cried, buried in fiesh and blood,
And such from whom let no man hope least good,
For I will do none; and as little ill,
For I will dare none: Good Lord, walk dead
etill?"

Ben Jonson studied on a massive scale, When forty forgetting almost nothing. years old he could repeat from memory everything he had until that time written. In an age of the fiercest jealousies and feuds, he, who was receiving from the public less than his due as a playwright, was not only the friend of Shakspeare, but the one of all his contemporaries who spoke of him in terms of appreciation that approached the veneration of posterity. There is no just ground at all, Mr. Bell truly declares, for the statement frequently made, that Ben Jonson envied the success of Shakspeare. It was his friend Jonson who said of his friend and rival, that "He was not of an age, but for all time." "Soul of the age," he called him, and confessed his writings

"Such As neither man nor muse can praise too much."

How honest is the emphasis of his appreciation:

"Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show, To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe. He was not of an age, but for all time! And all the Muses still were in their prime, When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm! Nature herself was proud of his designs, And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines! Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit, As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit."

And yet jealousy might have been pardoned in the disappointed man who suffered many an unmerited rebuke, from whom the favor that was bread not seldom was snatched away without just cause, and who at last died in such poverty that he was buried upright in his grave to save expense of coffin room. His plays frequently failed, and there can be no doubt that partly for this as poet. His soul spoke through his poems. Much of the feeling of his life is to be found in this:

AN ODE. - TO HIMSELF.

"Where dost thou careless lie, Buried in ease and sloth ? Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die; And this security,

It is the common moth,

That eats on wits and arts, and [so] destroys them both

"Are all the Aonian springs Dried up? lies Thespio waste? Doth Clarius' harp want strings, That not a nymph now sings? Or droop they as disgraced,

To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies defaced?

"If hence thy silence be, As 't is too just a cause et this thought quicken thee: Minds that are great and free Should not on fortune pause;

'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own applause.

"What though the greedy fry Be taken with false baits Of worded balladry, And think it poesy

They die with their conceits,

And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits. "Then take in hand thy lyre, Strike in thy proper strain, With Japhet's line, aspire Sol's chariot for new fire, To give the world again:

Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's

"And since our dainty age Cannot endure reproof, Make not thyself a page To that strumpet the stage, But sing high and aloof,

Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass' hoof."

Truly he did in his poems "strike in his proper strain." A wonderful tenderness and delicacy wells up out of the depths of his great nature. The epitaph on the girl whose

> "One name was Elizabeth, The other let it sleep with death,"

is too familiar to be quoted, and the songs wedded to madrigal music have a charm that will be fresh forever. This that we next cite is delicate and pretty, although very far from being, as Gifford pronounced it, the best English song. But it will illus-

reason his vocation as a dramatist pleased another, since it shows how the poet could him less than his more independent dignity speak even with that delicate playfulness proper to woman.

> "IN THE PERSON OF WOMANHOOD. "A song apologetic.

"Men, if you love us, play no more The fools or tyrants with your friends, To make us still sing o'er and o'er Our own false praises, for your ends: We have both wits and fancies too, And, if we must, let's sing of you.

"Nor do we doubt but that we can, If we would search with care and pain, Find some one good in some one man; So going thorough all your strain, We shall, at last, of parcels make One good enough for a song's sake.

"And as a cunning painter takes, In any curious piece you see, More pleasure while the thing he makes, Than when 't is made - why, so will we. And having pleased our art, we'll try To make a new, and hang that by."

The biographical sketch of Ben Jonson with which Mr. Bell introduces this edition of his poems is very complete in its illustrations, and at the same time written so skilfully and pleasantly, that we have rarely seen anything in the way of prefatory memoir better done.

We take from it an incident illustrative of several strong points in Jonson's charac-

" A comedy called Eastward Hoe, written jointly by Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, and produced about 1604 or 1605, contained a passage which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch. The king, sensitive on the national point, took offence, and Chapman and Marston were arrested. Jonson, considering himself equally responsible, although not included in the process, voluntarily accompanied his friends to prison. At first it was reported that their ears and noses were to be slit; but interest was made in their favor; a second edition of the comedy was published, with the offending passage expunged, and they were set free. On his liberation, Jonson gave a banquet, at which Selden, then a young man, Camden, and others were present, and amongst them the aged mother of the poet, who, drinking to her son, exhibited to the company a paper of poison she had prepared to mix in his wine, having determined to drink of it first. herself, if the threatened sentence had been carried into execution. Fortunately the fierce old lady was spared the tragedy she contemplated; but the anecdote is curious, trate what we have been saying better than as revealing the source from whence Jonson

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derived his hot blood and indomitable had been twice stricken with palsy, and was spirit."

We quote also Mr. Bell's account of the last years of Jonson's life:

"Having succeeded in attracting the notice of the court, Jonson was once more employed to furnish the usual entertainments for the new year, in conjunction with Inigo Jones, who, as the inventor of the machinery and paraphernalia, had frequently been his coadjutor before. They produced two pageants in 1630: Love's Triumph through Callipolis, and Chloridia. The former succeeded, but the latter, which cost three thousand pounds in decorations, was indifferently received, and its joint authors seem to have thrown the blame upon each other. Jonson was ill and in distress; Jones was basking in prosperity; and both were men of high pretensions and impatient tempers. monious feelings had long before existed between them. So far back as 1618, Jonson spoke of Jones in terms of contempt and opprobrium, and was supposed to have satirized him in Bartholomew Fair. They afterwards became reconciled, and worked together again; but the old rankling feeling was revived upon the publication of Pan's Anniversary in 1625, with the architect's name on the title-page taking precedence of the poet's. When *Chloridia* appeared, Jonson reversed the order, and placed his own name first. The smothered feud now broke out into an open quarrel. Jones used his influence at court to procure the dismissal of Jonson as the writer of masques, and the substitution of Aurelian Townsend, an obscure poetaster, in his place. Irritated by an act of hostility which deprived him of one of his principal sources of income, and galled by many subsequent indignities, Jonson revenged himself upon his antagonist by some bitter pasquinades, which were eagerly circulated, and at last found their way to Whitehall. The king took offence at the freedom of these invectives; and Jonson was induced, by the remonstrance of his friends, to recall the lampoons, and destroy all the copies of them he could He was But it was too late. excluded from all further participation in masques and pageants; and, the tide of favor having set in against him, the city followed the example of the court, and withdrew their annual bounty of a hundred nobles which they had hitherto paid him for

These accumulated misfortunes fell heavily

afflicted with dropsy and a complication of other disorders, which for the last few years of his life almost constantly confined him to his room. Latterly he had been obliged to relinquish his former pleasant haunts in Fleet street, and seclude himself in Westminster, where he lived, says Aubrey, 'in the house under which you pass to go out of the church-yard into the old palace.' His children were all dead; and the care of tending him in his retirement devolved on a female companion, whose relations to him are involved in obscurity. There is some ground for supposing that Jonson married a There is some second time in the year 1623; and, if the conjecture be correct, his housekeeper in Westminster may have been his second wife. "The extremity to which he was reduced

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by disease and want is shown in letters to some of his former patrons, pleading the misery of his situation and asking temporary succor. Nothing but this urgent necessity could have forced him to risk the theatre again. It was the only resource left. last plays, The Magnetic Lady and The Tale of a Tub, were produced in 1632 and 1633. These pieces, which Dryden calls his 'dotages,' are painfully marked by traces of the struggle through which he was passing. Happily his sufferings obtained some relief from the kindness of the Earl of Newcastle, who, in the spring of 1633, engaged him to furnish a short entertainment to be presented before the king on his journey into Scotland; and to this revival of the discarded poet may, probably, be attributed the renewal of Jonson's salary from the city in the following year, at the express solicitation of the king. This slight addition to his means appears to have reinvigorated him with a gleam of his early power; and it was at this time, literally upon his deathbed, that he produced that exquisite fragment of a pastoral drama, the Sad Shepherd, which, in beauty and freshness of conception and treatment, is the most youthful of all his works. It was the last effort of his pen. He died on the 6th of August, 1637, and was buried on the 9th in Westminster Abbey. A subscription was set on foot for the erection of a monument, but the political troubles of the time interfered with the execution of the design. Meanwhile, a gentleman of Oxfordshire, Sir John Young, familiarly called Jack Young, happening to pass through the Abbey, gave one of the masons eighteenpence to cut upon the common pavement stone which covered the grave upon a frame debilitated by disease. He the brief epitaph, 'O rare Ben Jonson!

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR OCTOBER.

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Ir art and science can be promoted by education, the present time should be favorable, for something like a busy movement may now be noted among the circulators of knowledge. Manchester, finding its former Mechanics' Institute too small, has opened a new one, which, having 1600 members and a good library, is self-supporting, and is one of the few institutions of the kind that bid fair to flourish. - A demonstration made at the Oldham Lyceum gave Lord Stanley an opportunity of making a speech on the old but always interesting topic pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; and what he said might well stir up many to the noble work of self-improvement, were it not for the primeval necessity that stomachs must be filled three or four times a day, and that too many of the possessors of stomachs prefer to be saved the trouble of thinking. They are the best friends of education who are not impatient for results - who do not expect its progress to be as marked as that of our export trade, definable month by month, and year by year, and promising in the present year to double the amount of 1846.

But that what is doing will produce a beneficial effect is not to be doubted. School of Design is to be established at Coalbrookdale, the place where iron is cast and wrought into so many tasteful forms. An Exhibition of Art Treasures of the United Kingdom is to be held at Manchester in May, 1857, to comprise paintings, drawings, carvings, sculptures, coins, bronzes, &c.: the building to contain them is now being erected. In 1858, we are to have an Exhibition of Works of Art from all the Government Schools of Design. A National Portrait Gallery is now in course of formation. Christchurch Cathedral at Oxford, a beautiful edifice, is being restored, and will henceforth be freely open to the public. The monuments in Westminster Abbey are being preserved from further decay by syringing them with a thin resinous solution, and applying a cement of shell-lac to the loose crumbling parts, so that the ancient form and appearance are preserved, and, as is believed, permanently. To preserve old

Jejeebhoy, that princely-minded Parsee, who has already given thousands in the cause of charity and education, has now given £10,-000 for the establishment of a School of Design at Bombay. Who knows whether in the contemplated Exhibition of 1858 there may not be specimens of drawing and design from pupils in the east that will carry off the prizes? - And now that Professor Owen is placed at the head of the scientific department of the British Museum, courses of lectures are to be delivered on the several sciences that admit of illustration by the collections in our great national establishment. The learned professor himself is to commence in the course of the coming season, and others will follow in due time; and in this way the Museum will be made to subserve the progress of education, not less beneficially than experience has shown to be possible in Paris. And in yet another way we see signs of educational activity. The authorities of King's College announce, that in addition to the ordinary curriculum, they will, at the end of the present month, open their rooms five evenings in the week, from half-past seven to half-past nine, for classes in Scripture, in Greek, Latin, French, German, English language and composition, modern history, geography, mathematics, arithmetic, drawing, book-keeping, practical mechanics, elements of chemistry, and the principles and practice of commerce. Surely no young men in London need now complain that the means of knowledge are out of their reach; and it is to be hoped that, with the principles and practice of commerce, the value of honesty will be inculcated as a prime essential, for outrageously disgraceful bank failures and frauds in public companies have been by far too frequent of late.

The recently published blue-book on the census of Ireland contains facts which, though we notice them but briefly, are well worth serious reflection. In 1841, the population was 8,175,124: in 1851, the number had decreased to 6,552,385; and the decrease has gone on ever since, and is said to be still going on, so that the estimate for 1855 gives six millions only. In other respects, there is an advance: the extent of land under cultivation is largely increased, the houses are better than formerly, the works of art is surely not less commendable condition of their tenants is better, cducathan to produce new ones. Sir Jamsetjee tion is better, and more sought after. From of flax is extending, and in some places superseding that of the potato; and further, that 6700 acres of land were thoroughly drained last year, and a considerable portion " sub-soiled." - Signs of improvement were seen also at the last meeting of the Highland Agricultural Society at Inverness, and not least in the implements, which were of Scottish manufacture. And looking at the meetings of agricultural societies in Lancashire, Hertfordshire, and other counties in England, there is abundant promise of foodresources, let the advocates of pulverization of soils and of high manuring argue and depreciate each other's systems as they will.

Two most important points are now attracting the attention of practical agriculturists - namely, "steam-culture," "drying of grain in the bulk." Of the former of these, more in a future paper; suffice it here to say, that it has a much wider signification, and involves a much more complete revolution in practice, than is generally supposed. The latter has this season had additional interest attached to it in many districts, where continued rains have so materially damaged the cut crops left standing in the fields. It might seem a matter involving many difficulties, to obviate the great defect of exposing cut grain to so deleterious an influence; but we are assured by practical men that the drying of grain as soon as cut, so as to prepare it for immediate stacking, presents no difficulties worth naming. The question is not, "Can it be done?" but, "Will it pay to do it?" and it is satisfactory to know that there seems little doubt that it will pay. Certainly there can be none as to the great benefit accruing from freeing the grain from damp before storing it up. This alone will materially raise its value. Any plan would serve better than the "no plan" which at present so generally obtains. It seems remarkable that the mechanical genius of our agricultural implement-makers, which has done so much to aid the farmer in all the preceding processes, should at this point to which all the others are of course subservient - fail in affording him any facilities. The stowing of the crop in good condition cannot, we think, yield to any in importance, and we are glad to see the point, which has

another document, the Report on Public always struck us as a deficiency in practice. Works in Ireland, we learn that the culture taken up and discussed by practical men. We cannot here enter into details of the plans proposed; but to those of our readers interested, we would point out a series of articles in the Journal of Agriculture, recently published, and to others now in course of appearing in the Mark Lane Express, from the pen of Mr. Scott Burn, who has, devoted considerable attention to the subject.

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The Free Trade Congress, which has just been held at Brussels, will perhaps in time make agriculture as free on the continent as the League happily did in England. The Society for Rural Economy of Austria will hold their fiftieth anniversary next May at Vienna. The preliminaries are already commenced: there will be an exhibition of the produce, implements, machines, animals, and forest timber of Austria, together with implements and machines from foreign countries. Medals of gold, silver, and bronze are to be awarded.

Experiments have been made at Woolwich and one or two of our southern ports with Mr. Wethered's superheated steam. The inventor made it known first in the United States, showed it at the French Exhibition, and now wishes to introduce it here. The advantage gained is good control over the temperature of steam, and the means of working it at 250 degrees instead of the usual temperature. The superheating is accomplished in a high-pressure boiler, where the steam is raised to a heat of 300 degrees. From this it passes by a pipe into one double the size, leading from the low-pressure boiler of the engine : the two steams meet midway, the low-pressure absorbs the surplus heat from the other, and so becomes more energetic, while its temperature, as already observed, is perfectly controllable. As is pretty well known, many of the gunboats built to give the finishing touch to the Russian war were failures, the reason being that at high-pressure the "priming" of the boiler tubes was so overfull and furious, that to work the engines was out of the question. Mr. Wethered thinks he has found a remedy; and the government authorities are applying it, with what success is not yet proven; but an impression prevails that it will be found available.

Mr. Bessemer's process, mentioned in our

the iron districts. Some of the initiated deny its efficacy, while others show by direct experiment that it is a triumph. The inventor, as we hear, is likely to realize large sums by the sale of patent-rights. Considering, however, the way in which patents are often evaded, some think that a royalty on every ton manufactured would be a surer reward. - The discovery of iron ore in Exmoor, which we noticed some months ago, thus occurs at a favorable time; and there is reason to believe that the yield of ore will amount to about 300,000 tons a There is, besides, an inexhaustible supply of the white carbonate used in the manufacture of steel, heretofore one of our imports from Sweden; and the diggings have been prosecuted with such good results that a village and church are now erected near the spot. So there will be no lack of material to work upon; and the popular mind may now become acquainted with Mr. Bessemer's process, for the Polytechnic Institute exhibits it every day in an experimental

Appearances indicate that iron will grow more and more into request - in architecture, ships, and rigging. Wire-ropes are now used at many of the mines in the midland and northern counties; and an attempt is being made to introduce them in Devon and Cornwall. At equal strengths, a wirerope is lighter by one-third than a hemprope, and by two-thirds than a chain: an important fact, especially where mines are deepest. Then we are to have metallic lifeboats, - pontoons, - army-wagons, if the result of experiments made at Woolwich and Rochester may be trusted. The boats, we hear, cannot be broken or overset, let them be used ever so roughly; and the pontoons are models of lightness. And again - the United States Congress have recommended three lines of railway to California: northern, central, and southern, each about 2000 miles in length. The lands granted to the three comprise 131,865,000 acres—a truly gigantic encouragement! What a demand there will be for rails! Then we are to have the often-talked-of railway to India by the Euphrates Valley; the route is to be forthwith surveyed. And there is talk of a railway from Honduras across to the Pacific-

last, is talked of everywhere, particularly in | dollars, and the expectations of a profitable traffic, fair. To say nothing of the trade from ocean to ocean, there are forests of mahogany and other woods to supply timberfreight for centuries. According to a report in the Journal of the Society of Arts, the Honduras government "agrees to give a bounty of fifty acres of land to each unmarried, and of seventy-five acres to each married, laborer who shall go to the country to work on the road, and who shall declare his

intention of becoming a citizen."

The Andamans are to be settled by colonies of Malays. - The province of Oude proves to be very rich in minerals. — A scheme is in contemplation for extensive steam-navigation on the Godavery and other rivers of India. - Mineral springs of wonderful efficacy have been discovered near Darjiling and other places in Sikkim. - Mr. Oldham is making satisfactory progress with the geological survey of India: his classification of the rocks, distinguished by names derived from the localities, is well advanced. A report thereupon was read at a late meeting of the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. - The discovery of a water-fall in the district of Bonai on the southwest frontier is announced: it plunges down a cliff of red jasper, 550 feet in height. - Accounts have also been received of the ancient city Brahminabad, found in a dry bed of the Indus, and supposed to have been buried by some natural convulsion. It dates from about 1020 years before Mohammed. Skeletons and curious carvings, and emblems of Buddhist worship, have been dug up. - At another meeting of the same Society, a copy of St. Luke's Gospel, recently printed from wood blocks in St. Paul's College at Hong-Kong, was presented from the Bishop of Victoria.

A great deposit of copper ore has been discovered in the Dun Mountain, New Zenland. The earthquake which happened in that island in January last was attended and followed by remarkable phenomena. A region near Wellington of about 4600 square miles was raised in some places one foot; in . others much more. A chain of ancient rocks was upheaved vertically, and now forms a cliff nine feet high, which can be followed for ninety miles along the tertiary. plain of Wairarapa. The land rose five feet: 161 miles, the estimated cost seven million at one side of Cook's Strait, and sunk five

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feet on the other; and in consequence of the subsidence, a much greater portion of the shore is lost beneath the tide at high-water. -The shock observed in Algiers last August was felt almost at the same time in the Balearic Isles and on the coast of France, as if there were no Mediterranean rolling between. - From a notice of the climate of California published by the Smithsonian Institution, derived from six years' observations, we gather that the quantity of rain is about fifteen inches a year; an intense drought prevails from May to August, as fatal and as much dreaded as in the south of Spain or Algiers, with which countries California has many analogies. Fogs are singularly frequent, caused by westerly winds from the great ocean: nineteen foggy evenings have been observed in July. Fog and dust sometimes contend for the mastery, and the advantage remains as often on one side as on the other; but if the fog wins, it brings cold. - Madeira has lost hundreds of its population by cholera; and hundreds of inhabitants of the Cape de Verdes, to escape the famine we mentioned some time since, have emigrated to Demerara. - An iron light-house, 139 feet high, built by Messrs. Grissell, is to be erected on the Great Isaac's rock between the Bahamas and Cuba. This rock and the shoals around have long been a formidable hindrance to navigation. - A scientific expedition, composed chiefly of Frenchmen, has left Cairo at the cost of the pacha of Egypt, to explore the Nile up to its sources. - Captain Burton, whose interesting journey to Mecca we noticed in the Journal, aided by a grant from our government, is travelling in Eastern Africa, with a view to reach, if possible, the springs of the ancient river. - And a suggestion has been made, that if Dr. Vogel were instructed to push for the same fascinating spot, we should learn something of the mysterious interior of Africa from three different directions. -Prince Napoleon, in a communication to the Academy at Paris, tells them he has thrown overboard fifty floats properly charged and labelled, during his voyage in the northern seas, to help on the inquiry into the direction of the currents. - Captain Penny, returned from the whale-fishery, reports that Hogarth Sound.

Now that steam-boats are running everywhere across the wide ocean, that distant steam-voyages are becoming mere matters of course, a question arises whether the nation ought to go on paying £800,000 a year for carrying our letters and newspapers oversea. We have found out that it is a mistake to subsidize a foreign power in time of war; why should we subsidize steam-boat companies in time of peace? Let us have free trade in carrying of mails! Our colonies are crying out to be served in the best and quickest way, and their cries must be attended to. A new steam-line is to convey the mails to Australia; and the Canadians ask that their letters may be sent the shortest route to Quebec instead of the longest. The shortest route is to Portland, and from thence by rail across the state of Maine. That Canada will increase in importance, has just been demonstrated by an incident especially noteworthy: a schooner of 387 tons, the Dean Richmond, has just come direct from Chicago in the state of Illinois, to Liverpool, with a cargo of wheat. Think of that! It is a feat which is perhaps the forerunner of a mighty trade with the far west - the granary of the United States. Chicago is 1600 miles above Quebec; the vessel sailed through Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie; then the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, and by river and other. canals to Montreal, and so down the St. Lawrence. The whole distance to Liverpool is 4470 miles; and the time occupied by the voyage, including sundry detentions, was from July 17 to September 17. It is one that the owners may well be proud of.

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M. Maumené's paper "On a New Process for Extracting Sugar from all Kinds of Vegetables," published by the Academy of Sciences at Paris, merits attention. Academy consider the author's conclusions to be highly important, but leave to him the responsibility. M. Maumené says that all the processes at present made use of are bad: for example, from 1000 kilogrammes of beetroot, which contain really 100 kilogrammes of sugar, not more than fifty or fifty-five kilogrammes are extracted; and sugar-cane, which should yield 200 or 210 kilogrammes to the thousand, gives from sixty to sixtyin 1850 a tent occupied by two white men, five only. The fault is shown to lie in the supposed to be of Franklin's party, was seen mode of treatment. Sugar exposed to the by certain Esquimaux to the northwest of action of cold water undergoes a change known to chemists, which prevents its crys- quently remains unchanged; but, should it talization. A beet-root dug up and stowed away is a cone of cold water, and the longer it lies the more is the sugar diminished. Keeping it under shelter makes no difference. Manufacturers, however, have to store their stock of beets, as months elapse before, according to the present process, they can be passed through the mill.

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The remedy proposed is to crush out the juice at once as fast as the roots are dug up, and discharge it into huge cisterns, and throw in a quantity of lime, whereby a saccharate of lime is formed which will keep undeteriorated for a whole year, and may be converted at the manufacturer's convenience. By adding carbonic acid, or others of similar action, to this saccharate, and treating it properly by evaporation, &c., it gives up the crystallizable sugar which it had held intact, and in full quantity.

Some further light has been thrown on the subject of ozone, which may prove interesting to those who are taking observations of that atmospheric element. Scoutetten shows that vegetables and water give off ozone during the day, the former by the electrization of the oxygen they secrete, the latter by the electrization of the oxygen evolved. It ceases in both at night. Observations of ozone are made by exposing to the atmosphere strips of paper prepared with starch and iodide of potassium. But another savant, M. Cloëz, demonstrates that this paper can be colored by other influences as well as ozone. Acid vapors will do it, and exhalations from plants. A discrepancy between observations made in towns and those made in the country has been for paper is always tinged; in towns, it fre- ing session.

be exposed near trees, the blue tint forthwith appears. To quote M. Cloëz's words: "In the Garden of Plants, the iodized paper is constantly colored by exposure, especially in the neighborhood of resiniferous trees, and frequently in a very short time; but at the Polytechnic School, where there are few trees, but a dense population living in unhealthy houses, the paper exposed daily to the air, under the same conditions as that at the Garden, has not been colored once in six months." Observers in England will therefore do well to remember that "resiniferous trees, aromatic plants, and all the parts of vegetables which contain volatile oils, act much more strongly than inodorous plants upon iodized paper in their vicinity." Schönbein, whose experiments and discoveries we formerly described, says that light ozonises the atmosphere: this M. Cloëz

A great loss has happened to chemical science by the death of Gerhardt. He was professor at Strasburg, and had scarcely an equal among analytical chemists. best able to judge say there is no one living able to carry out the work he began. The loss is the greater following so soon after the death of Laurent. Both were young men. It is said they were starved for want of some of that assistance which, now that they are in the tomb, is held out to their families by the French government and the Academy. Science could be aided in no better way than in assuring students whose heart is in their work of daily bread before their health is ruined; and we are glad to know that our own parliament will be ensome time noticed. In the country, the lightened on this point, perhaps in the com-

INCREASE OF COACHES. - "Sixtie or seventy yeeres agoe, coaches were very rare in England, but at this day pride is so farre increased, as there be few gentlemen of any account (I meane elder brothers) who have not their coaches, so as the streets of London are almost stopped up with them. Yea, they who onely respect comelinesse and profit, and are thought free from pride, yet have coaches, because they find the keeping thereof more commodious and profitable, then of horses, since two or three coach-horses will draw foure or five persons, besides the commodity of carrying many necessaries in a coach." - Fynes Morryson. Born 1566, died 1614.

WEEDS IN PAVED PATHS. - The growing of weeds between the stones of a pavement is often very injurious, as well as unsightly. The following mode of destroying them is adopted at the Mint at Paris, and elsewhere with good effect: One hundred pounds of water, twenty pounds of quick lime, and two pounds of flour of sulphur are boiled in an iron vessel, the clear part drawn off, and being more or less diluted, according to circumstances, is to be used for watering the alleys and pavements. The weeds will not re-appear for several years. - American Agriculturist.

From the Boston Traveller.

Poems by William W. Story. Little and Brown.

It is not often that eminent success is vouchsafed to one and the same individual in two spheres of art. We do not look to the sculptor for other poetry than that which the silent marble utters, nor to the poet for the statuesque other than it shall appear in the rounded harmony and fine symmetry of the true poem. Mr. Story, however, certainly gives eminent promise in either sphere. The products of his chisel have made him widely known, and have given him a good rank among young American sculptors. This volume will speak for his abilities as a poet, and will win him a rank not often accorded to an artist of another art.

In some of the earliest poems there are roughnesses and a sort of mechanical movement in the verse which are exceedingly unpleasant. But in the main, and in all the later poems, the "facility of the verse" is one of the most striking features. Difficulties are overcome which nothing but study and elaborate care could have surmounted. The worldly wisdom of the "Lesson of Monsignore Galcotto" is couched in admirable verse, thoroughly well adapted in its metrical form, movement and cadence to the sentiments uttered. The fiery passion of the Italian nature is well depicted in The Confessional, and The Death of Gregory XVI. is a fine piece of dramatic poetry. This is excellent word-painting:

" AT DIEPPE.

"The shivering column of the moonlight lies Upon the crumbling sea; Down the lone shore the flying curlew cries

Half humanly.

"With hoarse, dull wash, the backward-dragging surge

Its rancid pebbles rakes, Or swelling, dark, runs down with toppling verge, And flashing, breaks.

"The light-house flares and darkens from the

cliff.

And stares with lurid eye,

Fiercely, along the sea and shore, as if Some foe to spy.

"What knowing thought, O ever-moaning sea, Haunts thy perturbed breast . What dark crime weighs upon thy memory,

And spoils thy rest? "Thy soft swell lifts and swings the new launched yacht,

DCLIII. LIVING AGE. VOL. XV. 35

With polished spars and deck, But crawls and grovels where the bare ribs rot Of the old wreck.

"O, treacherous courtier! thy deceitful lie To youth, is gayly told, But, in remorse, I see thee, cringingly, Crouch to the old."

In "The Violet" occurs the following quaint and beautiful conceit:

"O! faint, delicious, spring-time violet, Thine odor, like a key,

Turns noiselessly in memory's wards, to let A thought of sorrow free."

The last stanza or two of this same poem seem to us excrescences that ought to be lopped. Among the couplets we find some cleanly cut and clear gems of thought and expression. Eor example :

"If Friendship seize the sword, bare then thy breast and wait,

Love conquers Love, but Hate hath never conquered Hate."

"Patient the wounded earth receives the plough's sharp share,

And hastes the sweet return of golden grain to bear."

"The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel.

But rushes joyously the ravage to conceal."

"Live not without a friend! the Alpine's rock must own

Its mossy grace, or else be nothing but a stone."

"As rooted to the rock the yearning sea-weed And sways unto the tide, and feels its ebbs

and flows, So, unto Reason fixed, yet floating ever free, i

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In feeling's ebb and flow the Artist's life should be." "Time smelts the dross away, and leaves the

oar alone, And in a magic ring it set's life's opal stone."

"The scholar, like a ship, is filled with foreign Yet oft his life and thought are barnacled with lore."

"Love is the only key of knowledge as of art, Nothing is truly ours but what we learn by

The morality of the following is as

specious and false as the expression is poor: "Virtue is not wholly vice, but virtue in the growth,

And falsehood but the germ of undeveloped truth;"

which is simply a contradiction in terms, well-fathered and often-repeated though the lowing:

"Yet life hath nobler shapes than sorrow to

God gives us time to live, act, love, but not

For blighted fruit once borne the fruit tree does not care.

Nor gratulate itself on what was sound and

So let us joyous live - to-day to be and do, Nor care if good or bad once on our branches grew; "

-which is nonsense. Precisely because man is not an apple-tree, ought he to regret the misdeeds of the past, and learn to bear better fruit in future. The following contains sounder philosophy:

"Where thou art strong and stout thy friend to thee will show

Where thou art weak alone is taught thee by

Therefore despise him not; but 'neath his battle-axe,

See if thy armor ring whole, sound, or 'neath it cracks."

These couplets, like their fellows in the same connection, are exquisite.

"The young moon's silver are her perfect cir- In the sunny tree's green privacy,

The limitless within Art's bounded outline

"Of every noble work the silent part is best, Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed."

In the last line which we have quoted, by the way, is one of the best of those singular intentional contradictions, which we have ever seen. Milton uses similarly illogical phrases not infrequently, e. g.: -speaking of Satan he says (Par. Lost, Bk. II.):

"—God and His son except Created thing nought valued he nor shunned;"

And again when Satan meets Sin and Death, Milton puts in his mouth this illogical

"I know thee not, nor ever saw till now Sight more detestable than him and thee."

In Book IV. also, describing Paradise and its inhabitants, this well-known phrase is

"Adam the goodliest man of men since born His sons, and she the fairest of his daughters,

De Quincy says that Milton has for these illogicalities the authority and the frequent precedent of the best Greek writers, and he Plucking purple grapes with double hands.

thought has been. Again, we find the fol- | declines to break a lance with such formidsble antagonists. Of course the logic must be equally faulty in any language, and Milton and the Greeks must have discerned some hidden and peculiar elegance in the expres-

> In Mr. Story's line the beauty of the mode of expression is plainly apparent, so that it is at the same time a good argument in favor of bad logic and a patent proof of a latent and elegant felicity of expression.

From the N. Y. Evening Post. Poems, by William W. Story. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1856.

We have been agreeably surprised by the beauty and sprightliness of many of these poems, and the successfal expression of the softer emotions in others. We cannot praise the book better than by copying from it the poem of The Locust. It is full of images taken directly from nature for the first time, and graceful minglings of human passion with the vivid pictures of external objects.

THE LOCUST.

Voice of Summer, hidden from the eye Fiery locust -shrill again, again ! Drunk with sunshine - free of work and care, Happy idler, while the world is fair, Sing to us from out thy leafy lair,

Praise of idleness to soothe our pain. What is hotter than that voice of thine!

Like a sunbeam stinging sharp and fine Through the inmost chambers of the brain; Burning with the noonday's sultry glare, Shining dust and glassy simmering air, Skies of brass, blear sands, and deserts bare,

Is the fierce sirocco of thy strain. Though the blinds are shut, and all the room Shrouded softly in a cool, half gloom,

Thy shrill voice the burning out-world sings-While the fig-tree scratches at the blind And the shadow of the grape spray, twined Round the balcony, with every wind

Moves across the casement as it swings. Ah! how sweet that dear Italian tune Thou art singing ! In the burning noon

Dreams the shepherd by the ruined tomb-On his staff he leans—the while his sheep Round the wall's scant shadow nibbling creep, And the bearded goats rear up and peep Thro' the rifts and browse the poppy's bloom.

In the fields the peasant feels the sun

Beating more intolerably down While thou singest - as he panting stands, Breast high in the grain, or hid between Trellised vines that o'er their cany screen

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In the villa, checkered sun and shade Spot the broken, moss-rough balustrade, And a silver network o'er the rail Flashes from the basin's quivering tides — Through the grass the sudden lizard slides Up the wall — and stands with tremulous sides, Gleaming in his green enamelled mail.

Now the sun the wasp-stung nectarine rots, Freckles o'er the rusty apricots,

And distends the grape's thin skin with wine; Now the glowing orange drops and breaks-Apples strain their tight and shining cheeks, And the smooth, green, lazy melon takes Its siesta in the coiling vine.

Childhood's voice is in thy fiery clirr; Olden summer memories thou canst stir-

Golden visions we no more shall see: Thou canst bid the pictured past arise To the wanderer's heart, who dying lies, Far from home, and to his closing eyes Summon up its lost felicity.

Yes! he treads again the garden ground Which his childish feet once pattered round; Where the clustering oleanders tower Where, while rocking on its flowery stalk, Bees he prisoned in the hollyhock, Listening to their buzz of angry talk, As they struggled in the crumpled flower.

There the sunflower's shield of brown and gold. Flaming in the noonday gay and bold, Topples on its tall o'erburdened stem; There the currants hang their ruddy beads -There its flower-globes the hydrangea spreads -There the spicy pink its odor sheds

From its painted petals' fringed hem.

And a little hand is in his own Whose warm pressure never more is known, Who was taken in her childish bloom; But those sunny curls still seem to float On the air the while he hears thy note, And her spirit wavers through his thought Like a sunbeam in a darkened room.

Voices full of wild and childish glee-Faces he again shall never see,

Are around him while thy voice he hears. And the ticking watch ticks not so loud In that silent room that shutters shroud, And the cautious figure o'er him bowed Through his dying eyelids sees the tears.

Chirp away, then, happy summer guest, Bringing unto every human breast

Summer visions, early memories, Trill thy gauzy wings, and let us hear Through the noon's intensest atmosphere. Thy fine clarion sounding shrilly clear Praise of summer idleness and ease.

LIFE ON AN ENGINE. - But the engineer, he evenings he sweeps over the country - through who guides the train by guiding the iron horse, and almost holds the lives of passengers in his hands—his is a life of mingled danger and pleasure. In a little seven-by-nine apartment, with square holes on each side for windows, open behind, and with machinery to look through ahead, you find him; he is the "Pathfinder". he leads the way in all times of danger, checks the iron horse, or causes it to speed ahead with the velocity of the wind, at will. Have you ever stood by the track, of a dark night, and watched the coming and passing of a train? Away off in the darkness you discover a light, and you hear a noise, and the earth trembles beneath your feet. The light comes nearer—
you can compare it to nothing but the devil
himself, with its terrible whistle—the sparks you imagine come from Beelzebub's nostrils, the fire underneath, that shines close to the ground, causing you to believe the devil walks on live coals. It comes close to you—you back away and shudder—you look up, and almost on the devil's back rides the engineer—perhaps the "machine" shrieks, and you imagine the en-

gineer is applying spur to the devil's sides.

A daring fellow, that engineer—you can't help saying so, and you wonder wherein lies the pleasure of being an engineer. But so he does, pleasure or being an engineer. But so he does, and consumer of the prohibited article. — Burday after day — night after night. Moonlight | lington (Vermont) Sentinel.

cities and villages—through fairy scenes and forrest clearings—he looks through the square holes at his side, and enjoys the moonlight, but he cannot stop to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. Cold, rainy, muddy, dark nights, it is the same; perhaps the tracks are undermined, or overflown with water; perhaps scoundrels have placed obstructions in the way, or trees have been overturned across the track, and in either case it is almost instant death to him, at least - but he stops not. Right on, is the word with him, and on he goes, regardless of danger, weather, and everything save the well-doing of his duty. Think of him, ye who shudder through fear in the cushioned seats of the cars, and get warm from the fire that is kindled for your benefit. - Schenectady Star.

A FAVORABLE STATUTE FOR THE NEGRO. There is a statute in Indiana that prevents the testimony of a negro from being received in the courts. This disability just now gives the ne-groes the monopoly of the carrying-trade in liquor in that State. As they cannot be made witnesses, the liquor-dealers are not afraid to sell to them, and they are very generally employed to effect the exchange between the seller

From Chambers' Journal. CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.

CHILDREN'S playthings! What a crowd of thoughts of the past, present, and future, do these words raise. Pleasant memories of bygone days, and dear associations with the little ones who gather round our old armchair, bringing bright hopes for the years

yet to come.

Children's playthings! What 'remembrances arise of the nursery; of favorite dolls, whose faces are still familiar to us as those of former friends; and of tears shed when an anatomical brother dissected the head or took out the eye of a waxen treasure, and made it thenceforth dearer than ever to our idolatrous hearts. Children's playthings! How much we owe them! Who knows what of science, invention, and progress may not be attributable to them! What landmarks of history, fashion, and manners may they not become! A child's toy may hereafter record the triumphs of a Waterloo or the fall of a Sebastopol, as faithfully as the hieroglyphics which whisper the metamorphosis of a Nebuchadnezzar or the victories of a Sesostris. Take the toys of the last century alone, and what a pictorial history of England lies before us: her wars, her discoveries, manufactures, locomotives, machinery, and dress; all are in the hands of our children. Of the antiquity of children's playthings, many records remain; and by these fairy footsteps we may measure the refinement and civilization of a people. Egypt, which was the cradle of Grecian arts and the teacher of other countries, has left traces of herself, not only in her mummies, pyramids, and papyrus, but also in her toys. In the Leyden Museum may be found dolls as old as the Hebrew exodus; and the following extract shows how well the nurseries of the Amenophs and Remeseses were supplied: "A young Egyptian child was amused with painted dolls, whose hands and legs, moving on pins, were made to assume various positions by means of strings. Some of these were of rude form, without legs, or with an imperfect representation of a single arm on one side; some had numerous beads, in imitation of hair hanging from the doubtful place of the head. Others exhibited a nearer approach to the form of

of the hmman figure. Sometimes a man was figured washing, or kneading dough, who was made to work by pulling a string; and a typhonian monster, or a crocodile, amused a child by his grimaces or the motion of his opening mouth."

If Egypt, then, had her toys, Greece and Rome had theirs too; and as surely as Moses played with his bricks in the palace of Pharaoh, and Agesilaus with his hobbyhorse in the Spartan court, so, we may believe, did Virginia carry her dolls, and Cæsar his

mimic car,

"All through the bellowing Forum, And round the Suppliant's Grove, Up to the everlasting gates Of Capitolian Jove.'

Having thus established so respectable a patronage for our favorites, we will not inquire more curiously into their origin, but return to our reminiscences of the toys of our own day, and revisit the country-fair where we begin our acquaintance with our wooden friends. Yes, genteel reader, a country-fair - not as it is now, a sharer in the universal "move on" of the police, an annoyance rather than an amusement - but such as it was on the village-greens of our fatherland before the Enclosure Act had come into operation. Such fairs still linger on in Normandy; and there, as once it was here, the fair-day is a day much to be observed. We remember, in the simple faith of childhood, using, with a dear sister, the prayer for fair weather from the Book of Common Prayer on the eve of the great day, when a few clouds around the setting sun shook the hopes of the morrow. Happily for our orthodoxy, the day was fine, and a happier party never left a nursery. The road was early thronged, and the sound of penny-trumpets, and the faces expressive of gingerbread, quickened our pace and excited our hopes. What toys we bought! jacks-in-the-box, watchman's rattles (those were days when it was more fashionable to wake a watchman than to wrench a knocker), tin Wellingtons, Cossacks, and Bluchers, spinning-jennies and industrious cobblers, Noah's Arks closely resembling the extinct animals in the Crystal Palace, with three little wooden figures whom we were accustomed to call Shem, Ham, and Aphet, a man; and some, made with considerable though always sorely puzzled as to what had attention to proportion, were small models become of the remaining five inhabitants of

the Ark. Then the dolls - the first doll, we agility of legs and arms quite at variance remember, was so like an image of the Virgin we once saw at Antwerp, that in these days it might have carried babes over to Rome; and it would have needed a sight of the Leyden Egyptians to convince good Protestant mammas that "dollatry" was not the result or the origin of Mariolatry. It was a little wooden figure, with arms akimbo, cut out of a solid piece of wood, of a stiff triangular form, and painted in black and white spots. It found its way quickly to the mouths of little ones; and the wonder is that so many survived the early taste of white-lead which it communicated. Closely following on this Bayeux tapestry doll, came a huge painted log, with arms strongly resembling matches, and with legs so frail and ill fixed, that before three days in its nursery-warfare it was always in the case of Witherington, that hero of Chevy Chase, that man

" of doleful dumps, Who, when his legs were both cut off, Still fought upon his stumps."

How children ever survived these dolls is a mystery to us. A policeman's staff could scarcely have inflicted a harder blow; and perhaps it is to this strong feature in their constitution that we are indebted for the introduction of Dutch dolls and of waxen beauties. The Dutch dolls! - what treasures they were, with their nicely adjusted joints, and limbs capable of obeying the caprices of the most exacting posture-master; and what ingenuity was called forth in the young professors of anatomy to reset the broken arms and legs. The first wax-doll who made her début in our nursery was a court-beauty of 1795, wearing the triple plume, out of compliment to the Prince of Wales, who married in that year. Her white muslin and printed calico dress was in the fashion of the day; and the sash which confined her waist floated behind so gracefully as to make our renunciation of pomps and vanities a hard task. She hung from a stall with several sister-beauties, some wearing hats with chimney-pot crowns, some with broad brims, and some with a solitary feather; but all fashionables, all courtdresses, and all suitable companions for the side them in pantaloons and Hessian boots,

with the gravity of their costume. These court-ladies were costly articles; a year's savings were sometimes required to buy one; and it was reserved for this generation to see their descendants stand in ever-blushing beauty in the London windows, declaring "We are only four-pence." What would we not have given for such an announcement from the Duchess of Devonshire or the Princess Charlotte!

The country-fair vanished away, and our toys were replaced by others of a different kind, and we scarcely knew how rapid a progress they had made, till, in the catalogue of the World's Fair for 1851, we read as follows: "In the North Transept Gallery, Class 29, Case 122, we find a rich display of model wax and rag dolls by Madame Montanari. These playthings are indeed very beautifully modelled, the hair inserted into the head, eyelashes, and eyebrows. They represent the different stages of childhood up to womanhood, and are arranged in the case so as to form interesting familygroups. They include portraits of several of the royal children. The interior of the case represents a model drawing-room, the model furniture being carved and gilt, and elaborately finished. The model rag-doll, in an adjoining small glass-case, is a newly invented article, largely patronized by connoisseurs in dolls' flesh."

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We had thought, after this, that dolls' flesh could no further go; but the introduction of gutta-percha has given a new element; and crying dolls, walking dolls, and talking dolls, make grandmothers feel that they lived a century too early.

As with dolls, so with other toys, all have made rapid progress, and marked wondrous strides in the world's pace. The clumsy cart has vanished before the exquisitely finished railway-train. The French and English soldiers have given place to the Zouave, who swallows Russians at a mouthful. The wooden-horse on heavy wheels is eclipsed by a steed covered with real horse's skin, which for symmetry of form might have won the prize at the Chelmsford show; and the zoological gardens have refurnished Noah's Ark after the most approved work on natural hiswooden figures of gentlemen who hung be- tory. Each toy, in its progress, has meanwhile done its work; it has amused the and who displayed, when jerked, a harlequin | childish mind, then awakened its curiosity, then stimulated its inventive genius. He, which passeth away, are also fulfilling ployed on human dolls. Toys for children, things of children of a larger growth. while they are the record of the fashion

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d the iosity, who was scolded by his nurse as a mis- a higher destiny; philosophy in sport bechievious boy who spoiled his playthings, comes science in earnest; for these toys in has become the ingenious mechanic or the the hands of our infants are the parents of skilful engineer; and the fingers which hem- those great discoveries, those marvellous immed the doll's robe have learned their lesson provements in arts, manufactures, and comof cheerful industry to be hereafter em- merce, which are, after all, but the play-

arsenal may be seen a vast building of considerable architectural pretensions, to which the Englishman is admitted by merely showing his passport and entering his name in a book. This is the famous Bagnes, or prison, to which the worst description of criminals are consigned. Though I was prepared for a painful exhibition, the reality was blacker than the anticipated Having complied with the required formalities, I was conducted by a garde through extensive passages into a hall about three hundred feet long and fifty broad, furnished with a great number of sloping wooden platforms, about four feet apart, and so disposed as to allow free passage round the room. These form the beds of the convicts, who at night, and when not at work in the dockyard, are secured Those under the heaviest sentences are also chained in pairs. They are attired in a loose red serge coat and yellow trousers. I entered the hall, they had just been chained to the platforms, and those I saw, with few exceptions, possessed physiognomies of the most forbidding nature. To intimidate and suppress revolt, cannon loaded with grape are placed at the ends of the room, and so adjusted as to sweep the entire apartment. Talking is strictly forbidden; and during the periods of labor, which are extremely long, the prisoners are overlooked by hard taskmasters, who compel them to work without any relaxation. I had seen quite enough; and many hours elapsed before my mental vision of fierce passions chaing in chains became dim. At the time of my visit, the Bagnes contained about 4000 prisoners, but there is chain-accommodation for double that number .- Weld's Vacation.

INNOCENT POISONING BY ADULTERATION. Dr. Normandy gives a case in which a gentleman was poisoned without any person being directly responsible for the act. The case was directly responsible for the act. as follows: A gentleman was taken suddenly ill after eating some double Gloucester cheese, and his medical attendant having with much perseverance determined to trace the poison to its source, did so with the following result. The cheese he found had been colored in the ordinary way with anotta; the anotta had been

THE PRISON OF BREST .- Adjoining the heightened in color with a little vermillion, which in small quantities is a comparatively harmless pigment; the vermillion had been, however, previously adulterated with red-lead; and hence all this mischief. The adulterator had been adulterated; and each person in the series of successive falsifications worked independently of the other, and was not of course aware of the manner in which he was preparing poison for the public .- Association Medical Journal.

> DR. RAE, THE ARCTIC TRAVELLER. - At the Lochaber Agricultural Society's dinner, an incident occurred which formed a very interesting finale to the day's proceedings. A gentleman, apparently a tourist, arrived at the hotel just as the party were to sit down to dinner; he asked, and was immediately granted, permission to join; throughout the evening he made him-self particularly agreeable, and his health was proposed as "The Stranger," and very cordially drank. On rising to return thanks he said: "In the course of my life I have seen some rough days and many pleasant ones. I have lived ten months in a snow-house without once warming myself at a fire; I have had my moccasins cut off my legs with a hatchet; I have had to kill my own food with my own gun, and I have been reduced to the necessity of living on bones; but all these things are easily forgotten when I meet such a pleasant party as is now around me. As I am an entire stranger to you all, and as I have received so much kindness from you, it is but fair that you should know who I am; my name is Rae; and you may have heard it associated with the Franklin Expedi-tion." At this announcement the astonished At this announcement the astonished party started to their feet, and gave Dr. Rae a most enthusiastic reception. The cheering lasted several minutes, after which Dr. Rae showed some of the articles which had indicated the probable fate of Sir John Franklin and his party. These consisted of a piece of gold and two silver watches, a small anchor, several coins, a spoon, with a crest engraved on it, &c. Dr. Rae had been on a visit to Edward Ellice, Esq., M. P., at Glenquoich, and was on his way to Castle Menzies. - Edinburgh Courant.

From Fraser's Magazine.
MEG OF ELIBANK.

RECOVERED FROM A PIGEON-HOLE IN AN AN-CIEST ESCRITOIR. THE MSS. MODERNIZED IN LANGUAGE, AND WITH OCCASIONAL IN-TERPOLATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE TOWER - SIR GIDEON'S HOUSEHOLD.

"Many changes have taken place since I was a maiden, hard bound in Elibank Tower; many more may be to the fore, but I tell you, peace, right, wisdom, and slackened reins are settling fast on every gray hill-side and in every hollen glen, when matched with the riding and running, heading and hanging, that my auld een have seen."

We wot this is the truth. Kings may yet battle with their lords, one clan tussle with another, red blood be spilt on hill, dale, and causeway, but the gay moss-troopers - the rough riders of Tweedside and Teviotdale are sore broken since Gibbie with the Gowden Garters paid his bribe's keep with the spuilie of one harvest moon. A poor man dare not now harry a flock of sheep across the marches, or fancy a mare and her foal, but he must face warrants and king's officers, the Tolbooth and the Grassmarket. Less ceremony, we wot, when King James betrayed the Cock of the Border. change is not to be mourned, though doubtless they were our gayest and gallantest hearts, those wild followers of Buccleugh, and Ferniehurst, and Maxwell; it was an uneasy pillow and an ill awakening when a lunt from barn and biggin, with pistol shots and steel flashes, might daunton you any night from Beltane to Yule; and stark want succeed rowth and plenty in the whisk of a single foray.*

"You may have seen many a lordly castle and boney hidden shaw, but if you have not beheld Elibank, with the gray hills rising round and round, and the siller Tweed rowing by, you know not the lonesomest, love-

somest spot on earth.

"You may sit a whole day in your chamber, and see nought but a corbie on the 'craig, or a cony clappit among the bracken, or a moorcock crowing above the heather. The hills are gray there with every cloud, and rise on both sides high in the lift, with here and there a thornbush or a rowan, until they meet the fringe of the forest, stretching

away, with its tawny oaks, and glossy beeches, and its antiered stags, to Newark and Bowhill. The water below is clear as glass or else a reaming flood, and at each end the glen's shut in and the world's shut out. In winter when the scaurs are white, the smoke from the tower rises cheerily in the frosty air. In summer there is the scent of the wild thyme and the heather, and the drone of the humble bee, so still is the glen, and the twitter of the water-wagtails, skimming across the river, eluding the hawks.

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"Lady Elibank would sit on the battlements, with her women at her back; and Sir Gideon would ride in and out, booted and spurred, and whiles glancing in his armor; and scores of retainers would muster in the court; and the innocent bairns would wander over bank and brae and plait rushes and chase water-hens the long, long day.

"The tower was like its neighbors on the water, only notable for strength. It had vaults that might have held an army of prisoners, with slits that let through no blessed sunlight where they lay, the guard giving them bread and water, or offering the illomened bloody bull's head. Above, was the great arched kitchen, with black rafters, and a chimney as big as our bower. In the court without, the well sank fathoms beneath the tower foundations - and I trow they were hard, solid rock - shaded by an oak tree that never minded the stour, but filled the entire corner, as if it had been a lone nook in the forest, and hung green and low over the wall. I mind how the gray cats sat in its branches, and howlets and bats flew out of its round top: and once Langshaw climbed it, and spoke with Mary at her window after the doors were locked fast. In the next storey was the hall, its single deep window looking down the glen; there hung the highest antlers, and the broadest bucklers, and the weightiest axes in the country side. There the household met round the long table at meals, as by the hearth at nights, and even when we had no guests we were not few. Sir Gideon in his great chair and Lady Elibank facing him, my sister Mary at my father's right hand, my brothers Bob and Allan and Wat, and me, and Annot, and the younger bairns, Lady Elibank's Jean, Grace, and Madge, and nurse Ailie, Black Quentin, and Malice, and Sandy, and Daddy Michael, besides the

* Interpolation.

warden, and may be a round dozen of men-| boat-house on the water, where a boat was at-arms. The hall was fitted with oak settles and stools, and great chairs for Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank, likewise silk cushions for the Lady. There was a big, folding, open buffet, with shelves cut in queer scollops and pleasant devices, and laid out with a sight of Venetian glass, of as deep and delicate a purple as the lining of sea shells that I 've seen brought all the way from the coast; and silver plate dishes, and sconces, and cups, for we were not small gentry - the Murrays of Elibank, and Outlaw Murray, his deeds and his compact, have been sung over land and sea. Lady Elibank's chamber had an oval mirror that gave back her whole person, and sundry chased caskets, and the bed was hung with wrought satin, and a coverlet of piled velvet, a thought faded in its ruby. I remember no other luxuries nor rarities that the tower contained, for our border knights set not store on stately decorations, seeing that they often quitted their four walls, stripping them bare, or, on an extremity, kindling the brand beneath their roof trees with their own hands, preferring to meet the enemy among their hills and glens, to being beleaguered behind moat, palisade, or turrets, as the royal Bruce counselled, and the doughty Douglas lent them byword, ' Better to hear the lark sing,' quoth stout Angus, 'than the mouse cheep.' So, though the tower could be pranked fine enough on an occasion, our riches were mostly such as we could carry off on our backs, beneath our mail-harness, or which we counted by scores and hundreds of heads of cattle and sheep on the knowes.

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"The young folk were reared with a plain and frugal hand, lying down on hard beds, and supping thin but wholesome broo, and good, stiff oatmeal parridge, in which the spurtle stood erect without a stay - as was right and fitting.

"My mother's chamber and the arrasroom and the bed-closets opened upon the roof; and there too, beneath a hinged plank, was the secret chamber, or rather a steep ladder that led down a black gulf to the same, from which was another more regular staircase, and a damp, winding, grave-like way - for it was far below the ground, with

ever chained ready for urgent use; and so the hunted man could ply his oars redhanded, and win the day, escaping the foes whom one short half-hour since were only parted from him by an oaken door, against which they rattled and raged like thunder. The hole was never used in my day, but the dourest of the race owed it life and liberty.

"Mary's room and mine was but a closet beneath the leads, where the cold was so intense in winter, that but for our young blood and a down cod that Nurse Ailie made and smuggled into us, we would have frozen outright; and in summer so steeming hot as necessitated early rising, and left no temptation to sloth and sluggishness. Our bed was but a straw mattress, well spread with lily sheets: and our keeking-glass so small that when we were nice - when Mary was I mean - she tripped down to a jouk in the water, and busked her hair to her bonny shadow there. But the bravest summer parlor that man could devise was the battlements: the free air around and about you, -nought to disturb your meditations save the tramp, tramp of the sentry. From the highest pinnacle of the tower, out of the stone and lime, grew a long spray of briony, that waved in the lightest breath of air, and a posey of wallflower, that on a June night shed as welcome a fragrance as the hay-ricks on the haugh where the adders nestled.

"The orchard and the garden were on separate terraces, each terrace commanding the river with a fine row of yew-trees, like great heads of dark verdure, the like of which was not to be seen nigher than

Nidpath.

"I was born in the arras chamber in the year of grace ---; of gentle forbears on both sides; for if my father was Murray of Elibank, my mother was a Riddel. I was not the first-born, and farther from the dawtet youngest. My sister Mary was a year and a-half older, and Rob and Allan and War, and Annot and Janet and Jean, were the younger band. As our family held mostly by maidens, I was of less account; and when I grew up hard-favored and blate and glum - unless it were my bonnie sister Mary, and may be one or other of the lads when they were in danger or disgrace, and few openings for air, let alone light — of a wanted a hearer and helper — I would not quarter of a mile or more, that ended in a have been greatly missed though the Tweed had borne me out to the broad sea; or burial-|should be scorned. She was a grand-like bread and wine had been spread in the hall, and a maiden's burial train had wound up the glen, and across the heather to lone St.

Mary's.

"But think not that I was misused among my own kin, or that my father and mother had an unnatural spite against one of their children. They were in a sense oppressed with bairns, congregated and crowded among the ploughs and wheels and spurs and spears of Elibank; and they might have spared one without loud lament. At least they had no special love to spare, save for express gifts, - the sunny locks of Mary, or Rob and Allan's gallant youthied, when they beat the English at the ford, and carried home golden chains and rings, and silvergirded quaighs, beneath their plaids, forbye the heads of cattle and webs of cloth at their backs; or when they challenged Yair and Fernilee to sword-play, and came off victorious without a single scar or rent on their side, and blood filling the hose of the one billie, and dropping down the chin of the

"It's a dull blast on a young opening

heart, this same lightlying regard.

"My father was a busy, imperious man, much in the saddle; when out of it, on the moor or in the forest, save when he presided at a baron's court, or filled his great chair at meals, or dozed over his ale or his wine in the warmth of his own hearth. Scanty notice to spare had stout Sir Gideon for wenches, yet he showed me more grace than did Lady Elibank. I can call him up right before me this moment, the buirdly knight with his red cloak and his cap and feather, save when he mounted his steel morion; his sapphire eye and his grizzled beard; his great fist, which shook the oak-table as he would strike it in his angry moods, for he had hot blood when his locks were gray; his laugh when he was pleased; his mocking, pitying clap on the shoulder: 'Poor Meg! no knight will ever wear your colors; but let them go, and content you with the ingle neuk at Elibank.'

"My mother was a high-spirited woman, that gave herself and others little rest. Fain would she be lady paramount on Tweedside and the waters, in spite of Newark and Bowhill; bitterly she strove with Lady Douglas; ill she liked that daughter of hers choice, no bairnie's mother. I might have

woman herself to see, with a neck like a swan's and a carriage like a stag; and no doubt it was hard to thole that all her daughters should not bear marks of their descent. She took pride in Mary's lily skin and brent brow ; the lave were young things, berry brown, and with tangled pows; but, God forgive me for the thought! I misdoubt me it was a fight to hinder a scunner at her Muckle-mou'd Meg; but she was a wise woman as well as wilful; and for credit and honor, and our Lady and sweet St. John, she hasted and strangled that serpent, and

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only passed me by.

"We had in general, us women-folk, quiet days in the tower: we spun and bleached, and brewed and baked, day after day. Lady Elibank permitted no idle set. At fit seasons there was feasting at Traquhair or Nidpath, and wrestling or shooting among the men of Selkirk and the men of Peebles or Teviotdale; and Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank, and my brothers and 'Mary, would ride out in beavers and gold tassels, and French silk and Flanders lace, and what not, all waving and shining as they vanished down the way; but I abode at home, for I was second daughter, and did not set ploys, and could rule the tower and guide the bairns in my mother's absence; and, save to the abbey, to confess to Father Anthony, or to high mass, I did not leave the glen - did not care to do so. My sister was the Bonnie May of Elibank, round whom wooers thronged - Langshaw, and Wedderburn, and Corehead, and many more; and I was ' Muckle-mou'd Meg,' whom they forgot or jeered at.

"I did not envy my blythe, sweet sister; but I was a young fool, and I would flee from the sound of their rejoicings - the ladies' lutes and the minstrels' harps, and the measure meted by twinkling feet, and the healths and hazzas of roaring roystering vassals; and lie and greet among the heather, or creep down and keek sadly into the water to see if there were no remede. No, no; Nurse Ailie thought that I had the soft een and round throat of the cushat dove, but my cheeks were brown, and my 'muckle mou',' wide and broad, scared all wooers. I was made for a house drudge, to be no singer's song, no house's gudewife, no man's known that the Lord, who knows and ap-|at Elibank: I mean the merry-makings, points our lot, is a just Judge, and can be more to a plain and forlorn woman than ' ten sons'-ay, or than ten bold gudemen; but I was sour and sad at this chap of the knock that was winding up my destiny, and I have wished to die in my youth, and I have thought to speak to Father Anthony, and seek the gloaming of the cloister; but my wit told me that I would mock Heaven with a blemished offering that the world rejected; and that, whate'er betide, I would fain breathe the caller mountain air, and wander at will on the clear braes, or hide me in the misty corries. What better would my sick heart be if my body were locked into a narrow cell, and me, graceless wretch, with no vocation for beads and bells, streaming tapers and the smoke of incense? So through His mercy who orders all things well, I was saved from that living death to them who are but the cast-out weeds of the world's great garden, and not the sainted lilies of Paradise. I was kept for earthly weal and woe, joy and sorrow, and hallowed household love, that sweetened and softened, and strengthened and sanctified each mortal care or bliss, though I knew it not for many a weary day.

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"But one summer morning, as I walked out on the fell, with the fleecy clouds floating high in the pure air, and the blue-bells blossoming at my feet, and the trout leaping in the water, the throstle singing, the flocks bleating, the laughing and daffing of the lads and lasses about the tower wafted on the wind, I took heart, and said to myself, What for should I be dowie when all else was gay? or handless and heartless when all else was busy in the sunshine — the birds building their nests, the cattle cropping the sward? Because I was not fair, so should I be the more good and eydent, till every one should wish me well and do me honor, and the blessed Mother and Son niffer my cross for a crown; and though a lass be bright as the new-born day, and peerless as the bride of King Solomon, I doubt that her winning favor, and the soft words and sighs and sobs of her true lovers, will prove but vanity, or her cheek grow thin and her ee dim to mortal sight, if she come not to make the same resolve.

"We had our share of yearly diversions plait all the pinners worn in the tower."

where Jean and Madge and Grace were in the thick of the ploy, and which Lady Elibank and her daughters graced with their presence; while Sir Gideon and his sons bore them company, and tested their strength and suppleness with the best of the shepherds and hinds. We had waukins of the fauld, and sheep-shearings, and kirns; and Mary and I went three times a-day in June and July to the upland, where the kye had their summer pasture, to see them milked, or to lend a hand ourselves.

"We had few chance visitors, forby a monk from Melrose, a palmer from beyond the seas, a harper singing as he walked, or a neighboring knight or lady, craving lodgings as they rode up Tweedside, on their way to the Court at Holyrood or Stirling, or when . the King was hunting in Falkland, or come but to pree our cake and pudding and spiced My father lent himself courteously wine. and hospitably to entertain the gentry, but the priest or singer was our charge. He sat in our corner of the hall; sang or read for our benefit legends of St. Christopher, with the world's sin and the world's Saviour on his brave back; of tortured St. Bartholomew. and St. Genevieve; and our own St. Margaret, that tended the miserable lepers with her own gentle queen's hands; or romaunts of Roland or William Wallace, or bauld verses of wild Katherine Janferie in the glen, or the pulling of the heather-green in 'the dowie dens of Yarrow.' They were not all so touching and tender; they were spun out to serve a sitting, or doled fast by weary lips to dull and heedless ears; but in the long winter nights they beguiled our threads of flax, or the silken twine of our embroidery; for we were taught what became our sex and station by Lady Elibank's Jean, that was trained to the sound of the waves by the sisters of Dundrennan. Wat and Rob and Allan sat with the men, sharpening axes or stringing bows, or whittling bolts and polishing bridles; and Annot and the young pack ran and danced here and there till bedtime. If there was like to be silence, Mary would sing like a lintie, when my mother would suffer the clear piping notes that Elibank liked well; and I grew to carry the keys at my girdle, and to

CHAPTER II. THE FORAY.

"In September or in October, when the bear was cut, and the round Michælmas moon sailing over fords and by-paths, there was work of another description. Messengers rode to and fro for a day or two; meetings of the clan by twos and threes spread few rumors then. Sir Gideon donned his morion and buckled on his broadsword, and looked work-like, as he hounded back his dogs, and cast off his falcon; and man after man came riding into the court in the snell cloudy sunset, or waited on the lea without, and had their Jeddart axes and their long spears reflected in broken shadows in the foaming water. Lights flickered as the day darkened, and the lasses jinked in and out to get a parting word or a jeer from the gay moss-troopers.

"It was a grand moment when Sir Gideon, with a long stride and a cheery 'gude e'en,' out and mounted his mettle steed, and spurs pricking, and bridles clinking, and shouts dying away in the distance of 'Good luck, Habbie; ' and 'Our Lady guard you; ' and ' Mind a pacing horse; 'The aumrie stoup and roup;' or 'A pair of English blankets, ye loon;' and the whole cavalcade, vanishing down the narrow pathway, lit up with the faint moonbeams, like the fairy train on Carterhaugh seen in feverish dreams.

"I know not that my mother ever caused fill a dish with the significant long spurs, but I mind she laughed when Elibank rode out, and ever refused to keep watch and ward or his return, but retired to rest as readily as if she slept still as a rock. There might be sleepless een in Elibank, but it was in secret, for every matron and maid but to lie down, as was their wont, and pine or pray for the day. Sir Gideon and his men, in their greatest success, would not hie home till the chill dawn was struggling with the We heard their approach before we saw them, the clatter of their hoofs, and sound of triumph, the frightened bleat of sheep houghed if they threatened to stray.

Sore draggled were they, as men that had ridden many a mile through mire and bog to lift a cloot from a rival laird, or as far as the Lothians; their horses pressed and blown, the men themselves sometimes white and haggard with weariness, if they were not scorched or wounded; but if they had made a great haul, such bragging and fleeching and casting of bonnets into the misty air. We ran down to the court to meet them. My father cried for a horn of wine before he alighted, and Mary, who was privileged, put her foot upon his boot and riped his deep pockets; he shouting 'Hooly,' and snatching kisses for payment, and she drawing out a string of fair pearls, or a cross of ruddy gold, or a tall drinking glass, shattered on the road, or even a dame's laced hood for the Lady. the pouches were toom, Mary threaded the raised riders, and ran to wale the bales already binged in a corner, or to the forfoughten herd to chap her quey or her pet lamb, and troopers lifted their caps and cried, the most spent of the group, 'A benison on the bonnie blythe May of Elibank; ' and a grey-headed henchman would hastily and heartily subjoin, 'And gude go with Muckle-mou'd Meg.' Yes, Mary always threepit that Meg should share alike with herself, alike with quey and lamb, in sacque and mantle, a' great odds in man's praise and devotion.

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"The fattest of the beeves was killed on the spot, and steaks roasted, and ale and usquebaugh flowed, for the night at least, in Elibank, like hill-side rills at Lammas.

"Once Elibank and his men were hard followed, and traced to the tower, and a raging host of Swintons came up and surrounded our hold; and the hinds with their families were called in, and the great gate steekit, and the big drawn up, and blunderbusses pointed, and us women, save Lady Elibank, sent to dark closets to cover our pit mirk that succeeded the early moon. ears, and keep out the roar of the hill echoes answering to the rattle of the fight; until a party of Cars passing westward, heard tidings of our strait, and came to our hurried on by lances, and the low of cattle aid; and the Swintons, not daring to wait till we should issue and join them, marched "At the first alarm we rushed to wicket off as they came, and there was but a few and loophole, and those who were ready slain or wounded; the last to be looked to dressed to the battlements, and a proud and leeched by our hands; and though Mary woman was she that soonest spied the band. surpassed me at kneading a dough cake, I to brew the more soothing sleeping draught.

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"More by token, the English twice besieged us in my day, when there was war declared between the kingdoms; and the first siege lasted so long that we were skin and bone, and fit to eat the staves of our beef barrels before they gave in and left us.

"O, it was sweet to wander once more down by the clear, bickering water, or up among the thorns and rowans and heather, with none to make us afraid. I know not how we could have borne our captivity and danger, if tending the sick had not filled our hands and diverted our thoughts, taking the place of our ordinary spinning and stitching, all broken in upon and relinquished in these anxious weeks.

"But there was one foray long minded at Elibank, and that left a token branded on the hearts there. Sir Gideon and his men had departed at nightfall ere the Michælmas harvest was clean gathered, and we were counting the gear and boasting over the easy prey, even as Sisera's mother when to every man was to be 'a damsel or two,' and 'to Sisera a prey of divers colors, a prey of divers colors of needlework,' when, through the thick drizzle of a dark rainy morning, we descried our clan's return, each rider as silent as the grave. That was an evil omen, and our hearts grew heavy as lead; then they drew nearer, and, alack, there was a doleful burden across a horse's neck, my young brother Allan, a gallant hafflin youth of sixteen no more, groaning under his death wound, with his shirt and doublet dripping with blood, and his roving ee fast settling in death. They carried him into the hall, and my mother took his head in her lap, but she neither screeched nor moaned I saw my father come nor shed a tear. forward with a brow as black as Bourhope when it is crushed under the thunder-cloud; he shook his fist above the stiffening body, and swore a curse that rung in a wail and cry through the bonds of Applegarth; but my mother spoke soft and still, in answer to the death-rattle. 'You're in anguish, my boy, but the pang's swift; you've been a credit to your house, Allan my son, let that lend your soul an easy passage.'

was allowed to bind the firmer bandage, and | breast, that looked so broad and manly in its everlasting stillness, and the tower seemed to ring for many a day to the 'Christ sall sain his soul' of the chanting priests, long after Allan was beneath the mools among the hills that darkened and mouned for him every night they sank among low banks of clouds, to the chill sad breezes; and when I prayed for Allan's pardon and peace, I was fain to add a word for the husbands and sons as stark as he, whom the Murrays slew that yule in green Applegarth."

CHAPTER III.

THE LAIRD OF LANGSHAW.

"THE blue-bells and the wild roses were flaunting on the dark scaurs, when the young Laird of Langshaw came up the glen after our Mary. O, he was a fair and a pretty man to look upon, black and stalwart. with a flashing hawk's ee, that, even when he played and made merry, pierced one through and through; and a brow, where his helmet shaded it, white as ivory, a thought narrow, but making up in height. He was fierce in battle as Sir Gideon's self, and in the hall a grand stately gallant. Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank did not say him nay, for Langshaw was good land and wide, and a bien stance among its oaks and hazels for a lady's bower; and the Cars pulled caps with the Murrays in friendly guise, both casting their steel glaives at the Scots.

"It could not be that Mary would scout at Langeww, save that a maiden's mind is ill to read, and Mary was petted and had suitors far and near; and though she set store on Langshaw and his dignity and devoirs, she looked and spoke as if she cared little for either, and, like many a saucy beauty, carried the jest too for: not that Langshaw showed pique; he bowed to her maggots; he, that stooped to no other, yielded entirely to her. Her flouts and perverseness appeared to make him keener in his courtship. He rode week after week to Elibank; he walked with Mary and me by burn and brae, casting me, the plain younger sister, but an idle word or a passing service; he managed her palfrey when Sir Gideon started a heron or entered the forest "Allan was streeket and waked. Mary and followed the deer; he attended her to and I wove willow garlands, watering them the abbey and knelt by her side on the stone with our tears, and laid them upon his cold pavement, under the grand groined roof; and whatever she prayed for, I trow he supplicated his saint to deny him aught else, but to grant him the sweet May of Elibank to sit at his board and sleep in his bosom.

"What opened my eyes to trow there was other than true love in his devotion - I that was but a simple maiden, unsought myself? I struggled against the thought, I denied the secret charge, but ever it returned, and smote me with a pang of doubt and dread. When he whispered in her ear and Mary turned her shoulder, his dark eye never fell, but shot as it were a spark of fire on her petulance; when she danced a measure with Corehead, and Langshaw looked on, he smiled to himself as he pulled at his frills.

"There was a football match on Hartley Fell, and more than one signal chance befel on the green. Mark Car of Hartley had covenanted with my father that they should have a great match on the fell, and score upon score gathered to the contest - so many Murrays, and Cars, and Homes, and Hepburns, Brydens, Jardines, Elliots, and Pringles, that names and men were there in the crowd scarce entitled to the summons, between whom and their neighbors were long grim grudges easily stirred, and apt to be quelled by staves or daggers; however, there was no skirmish that day. Knight and vassal, laird and yeoman, strove equally in the game; and a pleasant sight it was, the whole quiet flat alive with runners and judges and lookers-on and led horses. The hinds in their hodden gray, the shepherds in their plaids, the men-at-arms wearing their various badges, and some bearing banners and pennons, the knights and barons with their glancing swords and high beavers and waving plumes. The fair ladies of Bowhill and Yair and the May of Elibank on their palfreys, gracing the concourse of sun-burnt country lasses, trigly snooded and screened. that had trudged over many a mile of heather and bracken to be present at the spectacle; and dogs of every degree, staghounds and grayhounds in leashes, led by grooms under pretence of giving them an airing, hairy barking terriers, wise composed colleys."

In the multitude at such trysts there were wont to be men and women that, had folk been gifted with the second sight, would a ring of wan light. You tall young man

with bushy beard and hand in his breast, would appear, not as now, eagerly watching the players and biding his turn, but galloping here and there on the bloody battle-field of Newliston, stabbing the wounded, slashing the faces of the prisoners, and piercing the broken heart of the 'hardiest, stoutest, wisest man that Scotland bore," as Sir James' own father and Lennox's uncle deplored - he that covered Lennox decently with his scarlet cloak - the gude Earl of Yon Lady Marjory, that fondles Arran. the worthless jay, think you how she looked when, as wife and mother, she ran demented up the Maggot water to drown in the roar of the Linn the strokes and shouts that announced the hanging of her closen gudeman, Piers Cockburn of Henderland!

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"I was there myself, for my father appeared with a large retinue. We started from Elibank in the sweet June morning, when the dew was glistening like diamonds on the broom, and the throstle singing in the copse. Elibank's mantle was laid over with rich fur, and his cap looped up with a diamond rose; and Lady Elibank's kirtle was bound with gold lace and her coif with Valenciennes; and Mary wore her blue hood, the color of her own dear een. For me, I could grace no bravery; but I was neighborlike, only as douce in color as might bepurple gear, the sober hue of the distant hills, and yet a kingly dye, my wimple drawn, not thrown freely back. Though with slight conceit of shows, I could not ride out under the dancing leaves and summer sun, and make one in the holiday procession, without my twenty-year old heart beating in concert. I could have joined in Sir Gideon's whistle, and when we reached the fell, I believed I had never seen so grand a sight.

"When Langshaw and Hartley gripped Mary's bridle together, and my pony left to bogle at the din, a grudge did stound through my heart; but I said an Ave below my breath, and looked up into the blue sky, and whipped on as merrily as before.

"How the lusty Tweedside lads span up the ball - how high and low shouted at a good hit! All looked to Langshaw when it neared him; he was so proper a man, so famed for strength and swiftness; but his have stood out from all others, girded with foot slipped in the short turf, and he got a

* Interpolation.

fall instead of a triumph. He rose lightly so Harden spurned the ball, and rode the enough, and joined like a wise man in the ring, and threw his man; and none bejeers he had provoked; but when Mary's shrewed his fate to be worsted by such a laugh rang loudest - a clear lilting gram- rival. ercy, I watched him. He smiled again, but the curl of the bearded lip was no honest, generous benison on the May of Elibank and all that she did, whether she laughed or sighed at his cost or at his beck. It was a scoff and a taunt; 'Gay lady, ye'll live to rue your mirth.'

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"That day I could not shut out the perception of the false, shifting, fathomless quicksands beneath the smooth surface. I pressed close to Mary, and tried to caution her, as she was catching the fern-seed that young Corehead stripped off, an ill-done daring. Alake! why should she heed me - she was so secure in her beauty, and favor, and innocence; and she was doomed, our sweet Mary, - the fair, fresh flower of the Murrays. Of what avail name and station,

stout friends, and stern avengers.

"Since Mary did not want me, and Langshaw scared me, and I was parted from Lady Elibank, and sitting beside Lady Janet of Fowlshiels, I tried to give myself up to the game, and to guess who would be the victor. The player then was a tall, slim lad, with a cheek that, but for the tan, would have been lily fair, like a woman's, and een sky-blue like Mary's, and brown hair clustering in thick curls beneath his bonnet. I marked him because he wore the best fancied doublet, the biggest roses in his shoon, the broadest ruff about his neck; and because I saw my father flush and frown when he met his eye, and Mark Car, who was wily and courtly, take Sir Gideon aside and prate him into sullen acquiescence.

"I speered at Lady Janet, 'Who was you braw gallant?' Lady Janet laughed, and bade me not lose my heart, for you was the brag of the Forest, the bonniest and the haughtiest lad on all the waters, my father's sworn foe, the Knight of Harden. I wot I had heard enough of Harden, and you was he! Well-a-day, Elibank might bend his brows, for his father's father had fallen by Buccleugh's own hand; and many a Scott and many a Murray had swelled the feud sinsyne.

"So slight a loon could never do credit to DCLIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XV. 40

"'A Harden! a Harden!' cheered the clans; and well they might, for Sir William's stroke decided the day, while Sir William's self drew back, stroking his silken beard, and staring at the ladies, as if he

cared not for his renown.

"'A silver penny if that glowerer be not Elibank's Muckle-mou'd Meg; an ill wind has blown us her face; but, man, I would fain spy his May.' The light words reached me as he passed with a comrade. I could stand the jeer, ay, when Harden lived to face me in a different fashion; and I said to myself, 'Wow, wow, but there 's no joe like you, Sir William; and, though your words vouchsafe her little grace, Muckle-mou'd Meg prays that your comely head may not lie in its bloom low and cauld like the clay that bears it, as mony winsome and crouse crowns have done ere now."

CHAPTER IV.

THE KELPIE'S POOL.

"THE foot-ball match fell in June; and on Midsummer eve Mary and I stole out, under our screens, to learn our fortunes at

the Kelpie's Pool.

"The Kelpie's Pool was a shaded stretch of the Tweed, hard by a birkwood, half a mile from the tower. There was a lock in the dark water, where a kelpie had been seen signing on man and beast to cross; and the place was unchancy to ford, and unsafe maybe for mortal at any season; but if young maidens would sit there by turns on. Midsummer's eve, and gaze on the shifting current, they would come to trace through its broken lines of foam the faces of their future marrows.

" Mary would test the freit; and though I held it vain, and perchance sinful, I could not deny her, for, mind you, my sister Mary was the dearest object on earth to me.

"The night was warm and still, with that sultry, yellow haze that sometimes ends a summer's day. It veiled the opposite line of hills, but you could clearly distinguish the huge fires on their summits, and you could hear faintly the hum of the voices of those the sport, nor shame us Murrays; but just that binged them, and watched their blaze, as gentle Lord James beat his rough peers, and black figures, as if moving, demon-like,

through and through the red glow and the ture and passionate, fierce threat; and Lady long white lows, crossed your startled vision; - a distant, strange show, increasing

instead of abating our loneliness.

"Mary would have me try the spell first, for I had banned it, and she was fain to credit its power, and her nerves were failing her; also, the latest watcher was the most certain of a glimpse of destiny. So Mary sat down on this side of the birchwood, and I went and forced my way to the spot dark and damp with the dews. I knelt down and thought of other things. I did not look beyond the alder-bush into the troubled water. It would row long before it formed itself into the reflection of a face for me. 'What for should I goup at a blank?' I asked myself. No, I leant against a tree and the centre of the perturbed festival, and laughed; for when I was not cowed or blate, I had a proneness to laughter, as overcoming and as gleeful as my tears now and then were salt and sad. As soon as I forgot my errand, I grew grave, in keeping with the shady neuk and the gloaming hour. Then I thought of St. John, to whom this night was given, and wandered if he saw me there, and was displeased with my weakness and folly; and yet I believed, if his Lord was still in the body, gladly would I have sat at his feet, like the blessed Mary of Bethany.

"I was to watch an hour, and the night air was close and heavy, with bats whirring, and an owl hooting from its post in the cleft

"Elibank Tower had been thrang that day, and I had made two cream cheeses, and reeled the hasps I spun the day before; so nothing hindered me from being weary, and I leant farther and father back against the slip of a tree, and clasped my hands, and fell into a dover or dwam; unless, indeed, ill was permitted to approach me, which might be, seeing my rashness and the end, and considering that it came in a far worse shape to my guileless sister Mary.

" My sleep took the form of a dream or a train of dreams, vivid and abrupt, not perplexing me at the time, but, I confess, haunt-

ing me afterwards.

"I thought I stood in Elibank Chapel, where banners were waving, and the floor was fresh strewn with green rushes. Sir Gideon confronted me, with a laugh on his bluff face, melting away into dour resolve, that again became dark doubt and discomfi- vowed tapers and an altar-cloth seeded with

Elibank, with a cast of her long neck, and a smile that played like lightning rather than sunshine over her high features; and Rob and Wat, with a wavering expression, that was sometimes mirth, sometimes quick discontent and rising resentment, clearing or clouding their smooth faces; and beyond them, Nurse Ailie and Jean, and the other lassies and the serving-men, all with the same gladness, that was so mocking it was not gladness, and wrath that was so curbed it was true wrath no longer, contending on their varying een, as if some redoubtable deed were working that should descend to posterity with the mingled characters of sport and misery inscribed on its back. In right in front of me, stood a Mass John, Father Anthony himself, with gown and book; and by my side, ye maidens, the brawest gallant on the waters, let his duds be ever so soiled, and his bright breastplate cloured and dunted - Sir William Scott of Harden. But his head was turned another gate, lasses, and the hand that held mine, cold as death, gripped like a vice, wringing my flesh; and wist you I was proud of my bonny bridegroom? O no, I hung my head, and the pangs of death were sickening my heart; when the scene dissolved like a cloud castle, and in its room rose another pageant.

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"I saw another tower than Elibank, not crowning the free braes, but hanging, half buried in its woods, like a nest of the fowle of the air, clean ower a dark dell. I sat in the body at a loophole in the thick wall and watched unseen, as if my heart were in my een, the pit-like road; and by and by there appeared in the hollow, toiling up the ascent, a clump of spears, not riding here and there like our border riders, but in battle array, and a man at their head with a royal standard, and a lion wrought on his sleeve. They halted at the gate, and the leader read a paper, demanding the body of a traitor: and I ran down, and with authority - for I was not as at Elibank, but mistress and more - bade draw up the portcullis and admit the horsemen. I spoke them fair, I led them up-stairs and down, and spread bread and wine for their refreshment; and when they turned their backs and rode away, I flung myself down before our Lady's shrine, and pearls, for the grace that had saved me and mine in our extremity. I clamb to the battlements, where my lint lay spread to dry, and I lifted up coil after coil, and there shone a knight's spurs and the jewel of his signet ring, and the blue blade he was fain to grasp, though a leap from the turret was his last refuge; and that knight kissed not his lady's hand alone, but he pressed again and again—O, so kindly!—the white cheek of his faithful dame.

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"In a long sigh of rapture that Paradise I seemed to look on other hills and another Tweed, familiar as the first in their lonesome beauty, but yet with an odds, for here were only timid sheep and horned cattle where trumpet sounded and clansmen gathered. The bonnet and the maud were worn, but by simple herds of low degree; and for the prancing war-horse were nought but Clydesdale mares and Galloway nags capering at grass; and in a sandy hollow, up among the hopes, far from man's habitation, lay a pawky lad bairn, with a crutch in his wee hand, but with grey een glowering fearlessly into the lift black with the wrath of Heaven, the thunderbolt blazing and bursting with a boom that shook the very everlasting hills; and the wise, high-hearted wean only clapped its bit hands at the jagged blue fire, and skirled 'Bonnie! bonnie!' And a voice within me said, 'Let knight and soldier, priest and statesman, stand aloof: yonder sits Harden's most renowned son. He will learn the name of " Mucklemou'd Meg" stranded in the distant past; and, passing by the "Flower of Yarrow," he will fling back a kindly recognition to his homely, hard-tried ancestress, he who bore in his world-known face the lingering trace of the "muckle-mou;" but so trembling with strong feeling and exquisite humor, so manly and so kind, that men loved that sagacious, tender lip far before any delicate feature that John Murdo his chisel could have carved on the scores of faces that crown the fretwork which the monks of Melrose reared. I fancied I had a last view of him, the bones of a strong man, but broken before his time, though he sat and faced misfortune in a fairy palace, with pope's and princes' gifts at his right hand and his left, still bearing the steadfast will and the warm heart, and the child's love to the siller Tweed, when all else was slipping from fall. beneath his feet.

"I started up, with my ears ringing, and my heart beating like a sledge-hammer, in a clean amaze; then I saw the Kelpie's Pool and the midges hovering o'er the water, and minded who and where I was, and what I had come for, and kenned I had been dreaming; and ran to Mary, and made her screw her mouth by averring that I had set een on the ghaist of the Pride of Tweedside. Mary was not wont to be captious, save to her lovers, least of all to me, her Meg; but now she pouted and protested, for Mary was used to be first, and doubtless she held dark Langshaw the pick and flower of border knighthood. Waly, that he was to be her She left me proud and petted, and vowing that I should not hear her luck; and that if I spied a knight's spurs, a belted earl, or a prince himself, was the least that could be bestowed on the May of Elibank. I had but space to take her stance on the home-side of the planting, and to mark the yellow moon rising lustrous in the sky, when a sharp, frightened cry rang out of the wood. I started up, and flew back like a deer. I cared not what harm the disturbers of the charm dared, I thought but of Mary. scared or hurt. God and our Lady keep her from terrible knowledge of the green-eyed Kelpie we had so witlessly provoked. broke through the boughs; there stood Mary, beset by no fiend or evil spirit, but clasped in the mailed arms of Langshaw. My heart gave one bound of relief, and the next moment fell. Why should Mary lie still on Langshaw's bosom? Why should she not only consent to his convoy to the tower, but cling to him the whole way, and I walking by, seeing that he had stolen deceitfully on her secrecy, and that she had professed to dally with and lightly his wooing? Ah, this was the weakness of in fatuated submission following hard on the weakness of vanity and folly.'

CHAPTER V.

"IT was ill done that forward, fractious skirmishing, exhausting the poor combatant's powers, rendering such a one entirely at the conqueror's mercy, once the tide of battle turned, a certain end when the strong deigned to war with the weak — it was ill thought that giddy pride, anticipating a fall.

Midsummer, and long ere Michælmas there were other roses withering than the wallied buds in our garden; and Mary whiles grat when she thought none was by, as she sat on the bink by our chamber window, while our maidens stitched her gay mantles, looking out for one that was now weeks and weeks without putting foot on Elibank Green.

"O, this was no blessed young bride's comely gravity, this sinking of the heart, this racking doubt; this was the frail and wayward, but soft and loving, temper's inevitable reaction after its brief license, its ungenerous, ill-considered tyranny; and, once Langshaw attained the hour of reprisal, he crushed it as remorselessly as ever shepherd lad the fresh, speckled egg of the lavrock, or the mealy fluttering wings of a rare butterfly.

"I know not if others read these passages which none could lament like me. I think not; the world was a fighting, working world, and took note of nought but downright open words and actions; and Langshaw never dreamt of not fulfilling his troth-plight, but tied the inseverable knot in God's house, and before a fair company, and bore off his bride.

"What was there to ferly at or deplore that our beauty Mary learnt, long before she vowed it at any shrine, to term the wooer she had held at bay, lord and master, -ay, to hang upon his word and tremble at his frown. It was but a vagary of love's working, one of its sweet riddles. It might have been these extremes were not aye disastrous: true hearts have won and worn them with noble, gentle chivalry, but it was not so here.

"We had a gay bridal; trains of Murrays and Cars; feasting, state and holiday. Sir Gideon meting out williewaughts of glee, Lady Murray becking and bowing here and We rode in yet braver trim to Holy Melrose than to Hartley Fell; but craig and brake were white with the cold hoar frost, like the winding-sheet of the dead.

"I moped not alone because that day I lost my sister Mary, and because I should never busk me as a bride, whom priest should bless, and lover fondly claim as his life-long treasure; but, while there was dule for the future, there was no comfort in the

"We watched by the Kelpie's Pool at | bent face that rode foremost of the throng; no bridegroom's joy in Langshaw's deep tones and stately gait, the central sun of the noisy gladness surrounding from tower and lea, the red wine of the feast. there was weary yearning and blank disappointment, well nigh despair, in the poor heart awakened all too late, and fainting under its own luckless tenderness, once freely lavished, scorned, and flung back for ever-There was cruel contempt and blighting indifference on the careless lip and the cold wandering eye that met and mocked at the propine.

"That pageant was a fairy show to me, and more than me, at last; as heartless and hollow - sain us from the good people's anger at the comparison.

"I had a sore second sight that I should never again see my sister Mary, with whom I had played in childhood and covenanted in youth; never again with mortal vision from the hour that her bright golden hair was bound straight and hidden beneath the heavy curch; and so it befell; Langshaw was not within many miles of Elibank, and ere a short season fled, Langshaw and Sir Gideon differed on some dispute of the times, and would have drawn sword in horrible sacrilegious murder, as did Dryhope and Gilmanscleugh, had they not been promptly and powerfully severed. Sir Gideon was tough as an ashen stave, and Langshaw a very Lucifer, so there was no hope of farther intercourse between the households. Mary came not back to Elibank, and the fragments of tidings that drifted to us anent her doing, made mair hearts than mine grow Lady Elibank would never credit them, but Sir Gideon stamped and swore, because an angry, bearded man could not sit down and greet, and this was no wrong that his sword or his clan could wash out. We knew of a certainty that Langshaw's arrogant, jealous, uncertain temper worked on him month by month, and year by year, until the brave, haughty gallant grew a moody, hard man; harsh to his vassals; turbulent among his freres; a mover in dark plots and ceaseless raids; and if he paid not the penalty with his head, as most looked for and as others fared, he did it twice over in the ill will and bad blood, the hatred and execration with which he was banned before present; no glint and glow on the bonny, manhood had declined into middle age. Men lived hard then, harder and faster than now; for few, few of name or note donned the long gown and the cap of peace of three-score; saw in many a moonbeam, and heard her and, if some committed crimes sackless, sweet voice in the gushes and echoes of the

others dreed their doom aforehand.

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"Therefore we for the most part believed what we would have given the world to unbelieve—that the bird which sung so sweetly and crousely in Elibank ingle neuk, ruffled its feathers and cowered mute and drooping on its own high perch. An ailing, spiritless wife, lonely in her biggit wa's, dowie in her childless hame; her lines that had begun so pleasantly, lifted and cast among ceaseless alarms, where there was no peace, no canny craft or mild arts to beguile the weary and worsted; even ghostly counsel and reverend fathers whiles scarce.

"Feeble, friendless, and forsaken, our dawted Mary she reached the very end, the boundary of misery. Her reason reeled; and remorseless rumor recounted to us how a long, white, demented woman wandered about the rich chambers and the wide woods of Langshaw; dumb for weeks, or else yammering noon and night, 'Was not Langshaw come hame?' or, 'What, O, what in the world wide would please him?'

"This was the tragedy of my bonny sister Mary. Heard you ever a ditty more doleful? O, pray, pray that the blythe young hearts of your hearths may not live to burst in twain, and you in your turn be condemned

to travel on without fail.

"This burden came not upon us suddenly and unexpectedly; but it worked the greater dule that it could not, like Allan's deathwound be returned stab for stab, without

creating still ghastlier wrong.

"In one dunning of the birken tree I sickened and lay down, and was so long silly in my dark chamber, on an uneasy bed, that when I next tottered out the young lambs were cropping the spring gowans, and the light wind waving the yellow broom ayont yon hills on distant Cowdenknowes. Lady Murray - the whole company of saints assoilzie her high heart! - was a stout woman as before; but Sir Gideon, though he hawked and hunted, save always when he mingled in fray as keenly as in his youth, though his laugh still shook the rafters, would sigh as he sat in the ingle neuk, and gaze around as if he missed a once-prized sight, or start with a sudden throb of memory stounding through his father's heart.

"I ever deemed that the sunshine of Elibank departed with Mary, whose fair face I saw in many a moonbeam, and heard her sweet voice in the gushes and echoes of the summer wind, as plainly as ever I felt her actual presence; nevertheless, the lads and Annot and the lave were growing up as cheery as though no warning had darkened the threshold. And what for no? If the racer stumbled at the first rough stab or frowning bourock, who would run till he won the goal?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE REIVER'S LIFT.

"THE March winds were soughing and swelling, when the turning-day of my destiny rose, not in a mirk October or November dawn, but one March morning, when we feared no danger, the tower was raised with a hue and a cry that the reivers had been in about over-night. Black Quentin and Malice, and Grace and Madge, ran to the outhouses, and soon sounded our loss. Barn and byre stood gaping wide; the infauld was cleared out; not a head of cattle, not a quey, nor ewe lamb, was left at Elibank.

"They had laid brands to the peats and stacks and hay, but the wind blew up the glen, and a shower fell, so the fire had smouldered and sunk in ashes; but we were a harried family, without meat or milk save the lumps in the salting barrels and the cogs that were filled yestreen, till Elibank sent up

the water to call in his stots there.

"Elibank was redwud to have his gear stolen beneath his very een, and insult added to injury; for in the centre of the court rested a shield, sky-blue and gold, with shining crescent and stars; and what was that token but the Knight of Harden to Sir Gideon Murray greeting? Ay, nane less frack than Sir William would have dared such a deed, and nane but he, left his bearings behind him. Wat and Rob were more excited with the dream of overtaking and crossing swords with Harden, than grieved for our loss. Lady Murray was not a person to whom to mint straits; so I went myself to the larder and kitchen, and garred the scurls and the shakings of the oat-meal be scraped together from the ark; and sent the lasses, in place of skirling in company, to bake them into cakes and scones and white puddings. Moreover, I spiced the last well, in order that they might go further to stop waste in the tower, when, if there should be put them in my snooded hair, as I might stress of weather, or if our enemy had been cunning as well as bold, we might be in the grim claught of famine before fresh provisions reached us.

"But the day was young, and they reasoned that the puir brute beasts would be Ioth to their hasty journey; and my father, as luck had it, had convened a score of friends that very morning to unearth foxes and otters, and any other vermin that came to hand; the big bell kept clanging, clanging, and summoned in mair and mair clansmen in need; until Sir Gideon rode out, three hours before noon, with a following of fifty and odds, fresh and stalwart riders, burning to cope with the pressed and weary Scotts, spent with their night gallop and their desperate office of guarding and goading on the cattle and flocks.

"There was not a dark cloud in the lift, only wreaths of white vapor, scudding here and there as lightly as the merry dancers themselves; and there was a rustling over bank and brae, and flights of corbies, but ne'er a man's face, neither of shepherd nor hind, after the pursuit started; and the absence of the continual bleating of the lambs to their dams was something to make one start, so strangely dowie were the hillsides.

" ' Are not ye flegged?' whimpered stout Grace; 'I'm bumming round the muckle wheel to make some din. What if Harden should return, or the English march in sight? I wish it were dark, that we might na' be able to look out. I wish Elibank's horn were ringing his hame-coming, though he hied back without a cloot. I could stand being starved with the men-folk, but no being left in a garrison of women and Daddy Michael.

"Lady Murray drew out her thread in her lown corner, sternly eident, maintaining her unwavering challenge to aught in heaven or earth to move her. And I stole across the causeway, and over the hills, and up by the mossy springs. As the day waned, I clamb higher and higher, until the air blew pure and cold in my face, and there was not between me and the lift but hill-tops on every side for scores of miles. Yonder were the peaks of the Eildons, where the Wise Thomas wonned.

"I had pulled the first yellow primroses

have done had I been the May of Elibank. I made them into a posey and a breast-knot; and though I was dun and homely, they were fresh and honey-sweet.

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"My seat commanded the hill outlets; and there as I waited and watched, I noted to the east yonder a cloud of dust, and a dark moving mass rolling along. My heart was in my mouth. I had not dared to confess to myself how Elibank's honor and life were at stake.

"The wind blew the other airt, but in the lofty solitude the routing of beasts soon reached my strained ears; that was the first welcome sign: next I distinguished two riders pricking before the lave, and I said these were Rob and Wat come to bid us rejoice and brag of their manhood. I sprang up, and began to speed down the heights, where one could 'maist descend in minutes what one toiled up in hours; and as I ran and ran and was half way down, I kenned Sir Gideon's crest, and next him a mounted man, whose head was bare and his hands tied tight. Well might a drow come over my joy, for that unhappy wight would pine in the dungeons of Elibank, if he did not hang from the nearest tree. But I was within sound of the shout of Daddy Michael, and the shrill jubilee of the women, and could I, a daughter of Elibank, be aught but blythe for ruth atoned for and revenged?

"I could tell the very moo, moo of my ain Crummie and Mallis, right glad to be restored to their lily pasture. The court was already full, and I crept into a cranny corner. Every man, red and blowing with pride and joy, spoke and took the word from his neighbor's mouth, to tell how they had ridden suddenly upon Harden and his men crossing Hartley Burn; how they had scattered his band, and worn round the cattle; how many Scotts were slain, and how many bound and left helpless among the heather, to the charity of the first pilgrim or monk of Dryburgh that sped that way; and, grandest of all, how they took Harden's sell, fighting like a lion in the front, and brought him straight to Elibank, to suffer the penalty of his madness, and teach the Border lads how they should jest with the Murrays. In the clamor and throng there flashed back upon me, like a light from another world, my dream in the fringe of wood far below. I did not by the Kelpie's Pool; and there, bound and helpless, with the March wind lifting his her until she reached my father, stooping chestnut locks, sat Sir William of Harden."

CHAPTER VII. THE REIVER'S TRIAL.

"'HEIZE the rope,' shouted Sir Gideon, patting his good horse: 'let us see how Harden will dance; he has treated us to ae measure this morning already, and by my heart, he'll leeze him on another, and it shall be his lightest and his last.' leader's words were hailed with a thunder of laughter and applause."

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They were rough riders, these Murrays, like those pretty men among whom was the savage Scotch knight who, slaying an unhappy French gentleman in open fight, cut off his head, and plaiting the long perfumed curls into his girdle, rode vauntingly with the ghastly bloody burden dangling by his side.

"The moss-trooper blood was up; Harden was red-handed; each laird and baron was his own judge; they thought not of the young life they would take, the gallant heart they would still, but of their mortal foe, a captive to their bow and spear.

"Elibank quaffed off his bicker of wine, and he turned now, like the gentleman he was, and offered it to his prisoner.

" Clear the stour from your craig, Har-

en, lad, ere it be thrawn.'

" Harden took the cup in his freed hand. with a low bow, and he drank a health to Sir Gideon Murray, and his dame, and his blooming sons and daughters, and a farewell to the sun, and moon, and stars, to the steep braes and the rowing burns; and the eyelids did not flicker nor the lip tremble.

"There he sat, in his goodly knighthood, defying Elibank and all his merry men.

"Lady Elibank stood in the hall door, calling, 'Guide e'en to you, Elibank; a blythe meeting, Harden,' and she swept him a curtsey.

"The men belonging to the tower were swarming like bees, unrolling a hempen coil, running it out, fixing it to the willows by the moat. I covered my face with my hands; when all at once I heard my mother bid them stay, and looked up to see her cross the court, her high-heeled shoon clattering on the rough stones, and all making way for

wonderingly from his saddle-bow; she tapped him on the back, and spoke in a voice of mingled malice and mockery:

"'Bide ye, Elibank, better spare the bonny lad and wed him to our Muckle-mou'd Meg.' They could not move Harden with fear of death: she would torture him with a false, miserable blink of life and freedom. Elibank laughed his loud laugh, caught up and echoed by friend and retainer. He dropped his bridle reins, and clapped his hands, 'Well spoken, dame; our Meg shall have the offer of a man, I maintain it hand and glove; puir Meg, she's above the desert of any chield in the land.'

"It was but a rough jest, or rougher good will; but, even as Elibank replied, his bushy brows knit and his cheeks grew crimson; he minded of his violet trampled in the dust, and his strong heart did not melt; it grew hard as stone, while he swore that his rue should be gathered by the brawest lad on the waters. There was a buzz of doubt and disapproval, rising into vexed clamor; but Sir Gideon was king in Elibank; and though it was retribution these armed men were balked of, there was no question, but submission to the chief.

"'Speak up, Sir William,' challenged Elibank, with a fierce glee that was infectious, and in a second, like sunbeams succeeding hailstones, it supplanted the thirst for blood around; 'a willing lass or a short

tow?

"'A willing lass or a short tow?' shouted each Murray, striking his neighbor, and rolling in his saddle.

"It was Harden's turn to jeer at his masters. I crouched behind the draw-well, and the boughs of the oak, and a group of My woman's blood burned and boiled; I trusted I was unseen, but I heard his reply.

"' You have nae mair light Mays, Elibank; na, na, I'll kiss the gallows tree

before I pree Muckle-mou'd Meg.'

"" Say you so, sir; you'll have your will. Aff with the fause traitor," foamed Elibank. 'Bestir yourselves, you knaves: I'll answer to King and Council!'

"There was a rush and roar; and when I next lifted my head, Harden was off his horse, and standing on the louping-on stane,

^{*} Interpolation.

"Sir William looked up into the blue sky and down the glen; and I doubt not, but for the hills of Elibank, he saw Heriot Water, and Borthwick, and Harden Dell, and horses and hounds neighing and baying, and faithful men-at-arms looking out till their hearts were sick and sore; and again the summer wind played with his hair and cooled his cheek.

"I forgot all, save him; how could I mind myself when this hour was to be his last - he, so young, so brave? Were the bonniest and brawest ever to be taken, and the worthless left? I pushed asunder the leafless branches of the oak tree by the well and cried, in agony, 'Harden, Harden, save yoursell.

"His blue ee flickered and fell on the spot where I stood; and, for the first time in our acquaintance, it melted as such een melt to maidens. There was a rustle of silks and a clutch at my arm, and Lady Elibank, never sparing blood of hers for the sake of fremed ears, taunted between wrath and scorn, 'Ay, Meg, you fain would win a gudeman; fain would you kep the wind when it blaws in your barn door.'

"'It's false, Lady Elibank; ill betide you, woman, for a cruel mother,' cried Harden's sell, with a voice like a trumpet. 'It's all for me the word was spoken - for me; I recant, I recant; if any lass, black or white, thinks me so worth the haining, I'm hers. What for should I conter her? I 've no truer love; and better foullest dame than the worms and the mools. Have at your Muckle-mou'd Meg. Elibank, will you stand to your pledge? I'll lead the Ay, shout, my lads,' vanguard, yet. cheered Harden, reckless in his yea as in his naesay. 'Sir Gideon is belted knight, and cannot call himself forsworn. Keep your tow for another day; I'll e'en wed with Muckle-mou'd Meg, and jog hame to Harden.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BRIDAL.

" ELIBANK Chapel was swept and sprinkled shone in the blazing torchlight. Sir Gideon borders, mated at last, mated by force, to

Black Quentin tearing down his ruff, and a | was there in his furred robe of peace, worn score of strong hands flung out to finish the in a king's presence in Holyrood, and now donned hastily; even Lady Elibank graced the sudden occasion, as if it were the fittest and freest, with her finest lawn, and her richest mantle, more by token it was the sole great grace she ever showed me. Rob and Wat were light grooms, the lighter for the need to stifle doubt and dissent. After all, their sister Meg was buckled to a gudeman at last, by the strangest luck, the wale of the borders; and Annot and the lave were blythe as only bairns can be at an unlooked-for play. It fell not to bairns to mind that bridals were whiles more doleful than burials: and the last bridal at Elibank. where there had been sueing and speering and all, was it so blythe in its end, that this unlooked-for, unseemly, false wedlock should be so favored?

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"There were riders and runners that had striven in the bloody brawl at noon, content and cadgy, speeding the wild compact at sundown. Page and squire, cook and scullion, were at their wits' end promoting the Father Anthony was spirited banquet. from Melrose ere nightfall; sorely his mule was blown, and his bones shaken; but well knew his reverence the Lord Abbot that Elibank brooked no excuse; and, if he hindered Harden but a day, the Scotts might try a rescue — for who so worshipped as Harden? - and there might be scorehing flames for the nuptial torches, and bloody throats for the bridal liveries.

"Father Anthony was wont to be affable and pleasant, but to-day, though he came in time for the wedding feast, he was but glum company; and he groaned, ill at ease, when they made mention of bride and bride-

"Would you seek that bride and bridegroom? He 's yonder, bolt and bar drawn, pacing his narrow bounds; no honored place, no holiday attire, no crouse heart, but the soiled armor and the disordered doublet suiting the face, comely in its bloom when death was at the door, now wan with vexation. Already Harden rues his hard bargain, and gnaws his lip to think how hill and dale and both the Marches will deride the result of his flouts and his pride; and decored; banners waved and shields he, the gayest, handsomest gallant of the save his neck, to the daughter of his foe a maiden whose hard-favored face was kenspeckle as Elibank's Muckle-mou'd Meg.

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"Nurse Ailie busks the bride in her turret chamber; ay, bridesmaids, had they been summoned, would but have disgraced her swart face. Nurse Ailie bathes the begritten cheeks and smoothes the tossed hair, and plaits and pins the white broidered kirtle, so unlike the woeful wearer. How can she rebel when father and mother command; and ae resisting word may dissolve the glamor, and hang young Harden, a blue swollen corpse, above the slimy moat, to haunt her day and nicht for the lave of her days; na, his escape from the marriage vow would be but the long breath before the death groan. That bride dare not protest or pray even for an hour's respite, so she suffers doting Ailie to rejoice over her nursling being a bride 'ony gate,' and with a grand bridegroom; and she steals into her bosom the withered primroses, the last flowers she pulled, a grave but peaceful maiden, on the braes of Elibank.

"The procession was formed. Father Anthony walked first, with his book; Sir William led Lady Elibank by the tips of the fingers, striding along, burning to finish what should never have been begun; Elibank supported the bride, and his heart smote against his ribs at that eleventh hour because of his cruelty and his treachery to

his own nature and his own kin.

"'Take heart, my Meg; I'll ware my merks on Harden for your tocher, not that he does not owe you already triple love and duty; and he'll be the basest tyke that ever was born if he deny you your due.'

"I knelt in the chapel of Elibank, side by side with Harden, as I knelt in my dream; and his head was turned as the shadow's, and so sick was my heart that I would have swarved away, but that I must repeat the vows to become his wedded wife, and redeem him from the gallows-tree.

"We were man and wife. There were mocking, mirthful huzzas of dubious portent; Elibank clasped his arms about my neck; Lady Murray wished us joy—her son as well as her daughter; and Harden cried hoarsely, 'To horse, and away!' He would but break a morsel of bread and drink a draught of wine, and quit the feast, for we had far to ride.

"None disputed his title to rise and go, nor would there have been much wisdom in seating a Scott with a host of Murrays of Elibank, to swill malt and wine till their blood was warm and their wit clogged, though the priest had just knit them into brethren.

"My head swam and my heart fluttered, but what mattered it? The leave-takings were said, the bairns began to greet, and Elibank took his last kiss, and bade Harden be gude to Meg; and Harden lifted me to the saddle, and lap before me; and his dappled gray bolted so wildly under his double burden, that, had Harden not gripped me hard and fast, I would have been flung at my father's gate, and Harden might have been gudeman and widowed within the selfsame night.

"So Harden carried off his unsought bride. It was a fresh night, with a young moon; and like spirits we twa sped over moss and moor, across ford, by bush and stane—the road he had followed so ill a gate, though I trow we had no pursuers

save our ain bitter thoughts.

"Whiles Harden muttered the ford was deep, when we sunk to the girth in a hill water; whiles, when there was a black shadow upon the path, and a scaur on the hinder side, that there was a clud atween us and the moon; but we conferred no further. I could have slipped from the horse and laid me down among the heather, but that Harden was knight and gentleman, and would not suffer such scaith; and would it niffer the pit mirk into noontide light to flee in the face of the Lord?

"But I was a dead weight on the souple gray horse, and I 'maist prayed that I would be dead ere day; and ken you, lasses, strange though it sound, there was a bitter sweetness in the deeing thus with my head on Harden's shoulder; for though he rived at his fetters, that sundown, he had donned them, and sworn to scoug me thus all my

days.

the dell. I kenned it weel; I saw it before at the Kelpie's Pool; and though the trees grew thick and black, and the road was rugged, and I was weak and weary, a glint shot across my gloom, as it were the dim face of a friend, or the sparks of a distant hope of youth and strength and better days.

What "Eh! but Harden was welcome. a tempest of gladness after their gathering mistrust and madness; horns blawing, dogs barking, friend and follower blessing his bonny face, and gripping his saddle. Then there was a hum of wonder and scorn that filled my ears like the dregs of my black

cup. But Harden was generous.

"He said not, 'My men, I've lost my band, and I've brought home spoil I counted as little upon, when we rode to the harrying of Elibank, as I care for it now.' But he silenced the clamor for ever and a day; he lifted me down, and he cried aloud to each Scott that he brought him his lady; as loyally he said it as if I had been the Flower of the Forest, and he had courted me from Yule to Yule. And Harden led me beneath his doorway, and whispered, 'Welcome hame, Meg; we'll forget all else but what you've done for me and mine.' There was a stoun in the very words he used in his mercy; but I kenned then, as I kenned ever after, that Harden, with his vanity and his wilfulness, was yet the manliest and kindest lad that ever buckled on sword and spurs, and rode out under a merry harvest moon."

CHAPTER IX.

HARDEN DELL.

"HARDEN was a strong tower, but it was a smaller, hamelier part than Elibank; there was little there save thick walls, and the hall that was both hall and bower, - but may be couthier and kindlier. At least Harden himself was ever courteous to me, and none gave the hapless intruder, the Murray cast among these fremed Scotts, a rough word. There was March honor as well as March laws in these wild times, and a magnanimity that stemmed even the heart's blood of a death-

"I did my best to fulfil Sir William's behests, and to employ the power put into my hands for the ordering aright of ha' and buttery, knight and knave; so that his wife should be a good wife, however gotten. the grace of our Lady, and after the gentle sample of their master, I attained more than sufferance - good will and honor.

"I was a different woman in Harden from Elibank. I was Madam and Lady; and if I had had but a proud heart I might bless my

Hardens' derring-do, and be content.

" But my heart yearned for other than pity, or even esteem; and I had a half shivering, half thrilling assurance that would never let me rest.

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"It would come yet; what I had looked for since I was a pining bairn; - it would come yet, that second-sighted knowledge,

that aefauld regard.

"I was as lone a wife as ever carried her ain keys at her girdle, and Harden's dark . den was not like the lichtsome braes of Elibank, and I thought of my sister Mary, and then my conscience rebuked me; and I who was tried mysell, grat afresh for her; with every sign set against me, I, poor Mucklemou'd Meg, had received an easy portion, matched with that accepted by the blueeyed, lily-skinned, lilting-tongued May of Elibank.

"But Sir William blinded less than Sir Gideon's sell; he was ever in the saddle, not to hawk or hunt, but to harry in Fife or the Loudons; to parley with the rebel lords; or to outreach you proud prior, till his high head seemed as unsiccar as a laigh gowan's. I doubted not but that I should ae day lament over his bluidy corpse, and sew him into his winding-sheet. Never lady had mourned her lord as I should mine; and he would have heaved a sigh for poor Meg if hers had been the lykewake, in spite of all that had come and gone; ay, even for the rending of these bonds with which he had bought life and liberty, and then cursed, as harder than the agonies of an untimely death.

"But if Sir William praised this pasty and that spiced wine, and the screen that fenced his chair from the autumn blast, he never sat down on the same settle, or toyed with my hair, as I 've seen Langshaw pull Mary's; nor trod swiftly when we met, nor lingered when we parted. He called me 'Meg,' 'kind Meg,' 'good dame,' but never 'dear Meg;' never, never, 'my Meg.'

"I had fallen into a housewife skep which I was not free to take up and fling down, or cast upon stronger shoulders, at the biddin of others. I was saved from repining. I overlooked my maidens, I span lint and carded wool, and I walked in the dell, where I gathered mint and hoarhound and all-heal, and St. John's wort for the witches, and bramble-berries for the tarts, each in its seastars, and Sir Gideon and Lady Elibank, and son, and to its proper use, till the winter snow shut us up; and on St. Valentine's day strokes for Scotland? although Harden was Harden's heir came home.

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"The first word that I speered at the gossip was, 'Had the wean his mother's mou'?'

"'He was a brave bairn,' the gossip cried, 'lusty and fair.' I read the answer, - the mark had descended; the banned mou', that had so soon chilled my heart. bairn might need its douce mother, and her mother's love.

"But when Sir William returned - he had been making cheer with Thirlstane his ringing step came straight to the chamber to see his son; and he took him in his arms and made no sign of displeasure, but telled me, 'You have done weel, Meg!' and took a long pull at the posset for better luck. And from that day he never alighted off his horse without crying for the bairn; and soon the boy grew old enough to spring up at the sound of his father's voice, and to crow and caper to be made a bogle of, and buried beneath Harden's helmet; and Harden would spend a spare hour dandling him on his knee, and teaching him a pretty mimicry of blowing his horn and drawing his sword, besides keeking into his glancing steel buckler. Wee Willie had Harden's blue een and shining curls, and was a comely, pleasant child, though he was his mother's son. Ay, I've borne strapping sons and daughters, a credit to their name, and it was Heaven's will to stamp each lad or lass with some thought of that mou', in company with their father's handsome looks; but I know not that it spoiled their market, or burdened them with a hair of care. The ae man's dule is the other man's delight."

CHAPTER X. THE DAME'S PRIZE,

"Ir came at last, what I kenned but to come - what I was tempted to long for the one minute, and flee from the next with bod-

"The last foreshadowed scene in my mask of life: - King Jamie was dead - one of those dark, stormy deaths ordained to the royal Stewarts. The Regent was of a house opposed to Harden's; there was bad blood between them to begin with, and lying tongues ready to broo mischief; and doubtless there were holes in my lord's doublet - what gay, stiff, gold-laced doublet wanted them of those ever ready to spur steeds and strike bold smoke him like bees in a bink. But I minded

no mole burrowing in the dark, no fell conspirator, but frank and open as the sun.

"The long and the short was, that a warrant of treason was issued against Harden, and a wheen else besides - of treason, for contravening the Regent and trafficking with his enemies, and threatening to raise the young King's standard. I ken not how much was truth and how much malice in the charge, but it was pursued with such dark and deadly aim, that we heard not of pursuivant and spearmen, and an army marching behind to back them, until it was too late to rally the clan, or muster our neighbors and fellow-sufferers.

"Harden cried first to man the tower and die on its walls in his harness, like a gallant knight and soldier; for where were the beeves to feed us, or the men-at-arms at hand to stand to the defence, that we might come out triumphant after a seige from a Regent's army? There would be but a blast of defiance and folly from arquebuse and bow, till shafts and shot were exhausted, and they thought it worth while to bring up their war-engines; sullen gaps, with no men to bale out the assailants, slashing in the face of the defenders, till few were left to head or hang. But even as Harden flung on his gorget, he paused, and he looked round on his gray tower, and his white-haired seneschal, and his merry imp of a page, and his handful of stout followers, so sternly prepared to die with their chief; and he rose up slowly for Harden, and he cast off his gauntlets and laid down his helmet, and he said sedately to his wondering listeners, 'We'll not ding down the old wa's; we 'll not spill blood wastefully. Keep the tower and your service, my men, for my young son; I'll e'en make my head pay its own forfeit; there 's no great loss save to poor Meg.'

"No prayers nor entreaties would move The time for flight was past; we had sure tidings that the blood-hounds were out, and the passes guarded. Then I preferred my petition. I led him to the tower summit, and I showed him the piles of flax for my winter's darg, and I bound myself with wild assurance to carry out the strategy. He had little will to hiding; he fumed at it as lurking like a rat in the dark, and maintained that they would set a low to the flax and

him of great King David, when Saul's daughter laid an image in his bed; and I begged and implored, until I wearied him into consent; still he hesitated to lie down in his strange bed, even after the friendly beacon was lit and blazing on Hazelhope. He would bless his little son, the tender sprout of a lofty tree; he would leave to a little child his bauld name and his dangerous heritage; and aye, he counselled, 'Grow up, Wee Willie, to a stout man to preserve the honor and might of Harden; and serve Bucclergh with horse and man, head and hand; and fear nought, save God; and be kind to your mother, Willie, that 's kindest to you.'

"The autumn red and brown was on the rowans and beeches, the corn of the croft was yet yellowing in the September sun; but Harden never looked beyond his high turrets, his heart was within; he had taken farewell of the world without, once already, langsyne - he had no second leave-taking to spare to it now. 'O, Harden, Harden, lie down, or you hae lost the last chance for dear life;' but he started up on his knees, and gripped my hand, and looked wistfully in my face. 'Meg,' he said, 'puir Meg, I doubt I've been but a loon after all;' and then he swore my een were the marrow of his hound's that the boar tore, and that looked up into his face, and licked his hand, and died; and then he threeped for a hasp of my black hair for his last love token, to lie on his heart when they pierced it through. O, was there maist rapture or woe in his wild words? But yonder the pennon was waving, and the spears gleaming, and my destiny - the destiny of my gudeman - was in my hand, as Tam Lane's, you mirk night and lonesome road, in Lady Janet's, in the truth that

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"I bore my part; my tongue never faltered, my ee never fell, my color never blanched; I stopped to bann the careless slut that spilt the foaming milk from her bowie. I bade them rest and refresh themselves; and when the leader, smarting under his failure, spoke with scant ceremony, 'My dame, I red you grow hemp now in place of flax, for there are more strong ropes needed for traitors' craigs than Holland sarks for their backs,' I answered with unbroken spirit, 'There are no traitors clad with Harden flax; lift up the stalks, sirs, and look.' The test was ended; the sair test was ended; the sair test that, had I not been strengthened to defy it, would have left me a widowed woman, more hapless and demented than she who bore her knight's body on her back, and howkit his grave and laid him in; and, sure as death, Harden kissed the blessed tears off my cheeks as plain as he did in the far-off dream; and was I not a happy woman that night, and comforted for every care, when I walked with Harden through the gloaming wood, and he telled me, 'My Meg, twice hained is aye gained; I ken now how soon I would have wearied of a lily skin and a brent broo; but a true heart and wise wit bind withs that Samson couldna burst; and your pleading een, and your clear broo, and your very mou', your muckle, honest, canny mou', have long been growing fair to me, sweet Meg.' And ever on from that day's danger, Sir William, though no Scott that I could hear tell of had yet a drap of coward's blood in his veins, abode more at hame, in peace, honor, and happiness, in his own tower of Harden."

THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL. - Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil, a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the Arawongo. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and, though constantly heard in the most desert places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods broken only by the white, with a circle of red around its eyes - its | mechanical or artistic purposes. size is about that of a small pigeon.

GLUCINA. - The emerald and the beryl are varieties of the same mineral, rivaling all, except perhaps the sapphire family, in beauty, as gems. These contain an earth called by the Greek-derived name of glucina, from the sweetness of its salts. The metal of this earth was first isolated by M. Walder, but its properties were first described by M. Debray, a pupil of M. Deville, one of the most distinguished among modern European chemists. The article appears as a beautiful white metal, nearly as unalterable as aluminum, but with the peculiar property of metallic and almost supernatural sound of this being one-fifth lighter, its specific gravity being invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming only twice that of water. Of course this metal to follow wherever you go. The Arawongo is can never be produced in quantities available for

From The Times. BOOK-HAWKING IN ENGLAND.

Ir may not, perhaps, be known to some of plan has been adopted in many counties in England for supplying the poorer classes with healthy literature. To this scheme the name of "Book-hawking" is now universally applied. The name is not in itself significant of any definite aim, for books, unfortunately, may be either good or bad; but, be that as it may, the title is now conceded to the use of those who would circulate the former.

The scheme arose from an evident hiatus in the educational system. Schools throughout the country were improved to an extent which it is now difficult to estimate rightly. A taste was given for reading, and a certain number of scholars were sent out annually into the world with an appetite for healthy food, but with very little power of satisfying that appetite, save with the most unwholesome stimulants. Adult schools, moreover, rather added to the difficulty; for the ploughboy, or the artisan, showing by his voluntary attendance a certain desire for earning, was utterly unable to prosecute his studies at home, from lack of the True, there was the necessary materials. bookseller's shop in the neighboring town, but practically its doors were shut to a greasy suit, a fustian jacket, or a smockfrock.

Meanwhile the emissaries of evil were actively at work. While men slept the enemy sowed tares. The haunts of the lower classes were flooded with literature of the vilest character. It was proved in evidence, given before the House of Commons in the year 1851, that the sale of immoral and infidel publications amounted to 29,-000,000 annually. It is difficult to take in figures, but it is appalling to be told by the Edinburgh Review that this is more than the total issues of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Scottish Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, and some seventy religious magazines combined. Handbills, were being widely spread abroad.

Thus there were sold of the last dying speech and confession of Good, 1,650,000; hawker, with a good selection of books, goes

of Courvoisier, 1,666,000; of the Mannings, 2,000,000; of Rush, 2,700,000; and of Greenacre, 2,666,000. The trash sold with our readers that of late years a systematic reference to Palmer's case must have greatly exceeded any of the above sales. Nor was there any mystery as to the way in which such an enormous circulation was obtained for these publications. Hawkers plied their trade in town and country, and brought their literary wares to the very door of the

laborer's cottage.

But why were those who thus sought to poison society to monopolize the hawking system? Would not the laborer, it was asked, purchase books of a higher character, if they were in like manner forced into his notice? Such thoughts floated in men's minds. It fell to the lot of the Archdeacon of Winchester to give them consistency and reality. In the year 1851, with the sanction and willing co-operation of the bishop of the diocese, he inaugurated a systematic scheme for the employment of respectable bookhawkers throughout Hampshire. The county was parcelled out into three divisions. Operations were at once commenced in the neighborhood of Southampton and in the New Forest; and at the expiration of twelve months it was found that the hawker had sold books to the amount of £183. success fully warranted the extension of the scheme, and accordingly in a short time two other hawkers were engaged for the remaining divisions of the county, who prosecuted their labors with similar success. It may be supposed that attention was soon drawn to Imitators sprung up on all their efforts. sides. Public meetings were held; influential laymen presided, and in many instances, societies, avowedly modelled after the pattern of that started in Hampshire, were inaugurated with considerable éclat. The archdioceses of Canterbury and York were content to follow the lead of Winchester. dioceses of Chichester, Hereford, Lincoln, London, (Essex,) Norwich, Oxford, Peterborough, Rochester and Worcester soon swelled the train, and at the present moment an association for the county of Derby is in process of formation. In some of the dioceses mentioned above, two, three, or even too, and pictures of a depraved character | four book-hawkers are kept in constant employment.

The modus operandi is as follows: The

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netal e for to some central spot, where he finds a spectres of their own imagination. lodging. From this centre he radiates to the neighboring towns and villages with his pack on his back. His orders are to visit every house, and although in some cases he meets with an uncivil refusal, yet, generally speaking, even if no sale is effected, he is at any rate received kindly. As soon as the villages round the centre selected have been thoroughly worked, he passes on to another district. It has been found that about two visits in the course of a year to each place are sufficient.

It might, however, be expected that as the country got better supplied with books, the demand would decrease. But, practically, this Is not found to be the case. On the contrary, l'appetit veint en mangeant. The more we circulate books, the greater the desire for them. This is evident from the report just published for the northern division of Hants. We here find that in the space of eleven months books and tracts were sold by the hawker to the amount of £217 10s. 8d. Although many associations such as those in Leicestershire, Sussex, Kent, Norwich, and Surrey, have effected sales of a considerable amount, yet we believe that the above sum is the largest which has yet been realized by any book-hawking association in so short a space of time.

It is interesting to see the nature of the books which are most popular. "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress" and "Bogatzky's Golden Treasury " always find a ready sale. Milton has many admirers, "Johnson's Dictionary" more. Church services, well got up, are in great request among domestic servants. Cheap books on the war, published by Routledge, were eagerly purchased. "Richmond's Annals of the Poor," a history of the county, "Robinson Crusoe," and "Paxton's Cottage Gardener's Calendar," are all most popular. Pictures published by Herring, Baxter, and the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge are gradually superseding the Epistle to Agbarus. Half-penny and farthing books are sold by the gross.

Now it will be evident that in the practilest the hawker should be turned into an engine of proselytism. The high churchman and the low churchman alike conjured up Each hawker has to pay £4 a year for his

But such fears have proved groundless. good sense of the majority has prevailed. It is quite clear that, however eager men. may be to advance their own opinions, they must look to some other engine for the purpose than book-hawking. If the hawker is to go into every parish, as it is wished he should do, the success of the system would . be at once perilled if the contents of his box were of a party character. Book-hawking makes war upon infidelity and immorality, not upon this or that party in the church. Here is common ground, where the two extremes may meet.

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There is another point which we would strongly urge upon all those who are interested in this movement. It seems to us of great importance that the hawker's pack should be amply supplied with good books of a secular character. Many there are who would turn away from a professedly religious book, who might yet be tempted by some useful or entertaining secular work. This class of customers is not to be neglected, for if we do not occupy the field with books of a healthy tone, somebody else will find a sale for those very publications which we are so anxious to supersede.

Great variety in the hawker's pack is essential to the full development of the scheme. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" must not be thrust down a man's throat whether he will or no. He must have a selection of useful and elevating secular books brought to his very door, and in this way a taste for something better still may be gradually introduced. The possession of a few books really worth reading may enable him to employ himself profitably at home, and allure him from the attractions of the alehouse. We may humanize first, and then gradually evangelize.

The practical carrying out of such an agency as we have described is, of course, expensive. These travelling salesmen are usually paid as much as a guinea a week, and it is found that notwithstanding the exercise of the utmost economy, a sum of £70 to £80 a year is required to cover the expenses of cal carrying out of such a scheme great care each hawker. This total is made up partly is required. Fears were at first entertained by the profit derived from the sale of books. There is one item in the expenditure of the various societies which calls for a remark. bility, under certain restrictions and with especial book-hawker.

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license. It seems to us that government certain qualifications, might be exempted might be fairly asked to take the remission from this tax. Book hawking societies are, of this tax into their consideration. As far in fact, carrying on the education of the as the Exchequer is concerned, the amount country, and whatever sum the Exchequer is utterly insignificant, but to the societies lost by the remission of the tax might be the boon of £4 a year would be a welcome looked upon as an educational grant. addition to their funds. We do not think Wherever book-hawking has been fairly tried that there would be any great difficulty in it has eventually succeeded, and there is no introducing into some act of parliament a reason why in time every county in England clause by which book-hawkers of respecta-should not be regularly worked by its own

THE BOTTOMLESS PIT in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth. The branch terminates in it, and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought up on its brink standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right and a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft: but no eye has yet reached the top of the great over-arching dome; nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, smiling as it shoots by in the unwonted gleam of the lamp.

He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness as thick as lampblack, but he hears a wild, mournful melody of water, the wailing of the brook for the green and the sunny channel left in the upper world, never more to be revisited. Down goes a rock, tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of opinion that folks come here to see and hear,

not to muse and be melancholy.

There it goes - plash! it has reached the bottom. No - hark, it strikes again; once more and again, still falling. Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less, until the ear can follow it no longer. Certainly, if the pit of Frederick shall be eleven thousand feet deep, the Bottomless Pit of the Mammoth Cave must be its equal.

BEECH HEDGES. - In Belgium, beech hedges are not uncommon, and it is worth the attention of those who are trying to find a hedge-plant suited to the climate and soil of America to try the beech. It is true that in its natural state it grows to a tree, and so does the Osage orange, and so does the cedar. By planting two young trees a few inches apart, and bending and interlacing them together, the tendency to grow into trees is checked, and being a very hardy, strongwooded tree, with good roots, they bear this kind of treatment. A seed bed of beech-plants may be easily made by gathering the nuts, and, as soon as dry, packing them in dry sand, for transportation, with twice as much sand as nuts. The seed should be planted as soon as possible, as it is apt to lose vitality if kept long. The residence.

young plants should be carefully watered the first summer. The wood of beech-trees is nearly equal to hickory for fuel, and is very rich in potash. - Rural New Yorker, Nov. 5.

MOURNING ON THE DEATH OF THE KING OF SERINDIB. - "In the Isle of Serindib, when the King dies his body is placed upon a chariot in such a situation that, being laid back, his head hangs down to the ground and his hair drags in the dust. The chariot is followed by a woman, who with a besom casts dust upon the head of the corpse. At the same time proclamation is made with a loud voice, 'O men, behold your king! he was your master yesterday; but the empire which he possessed over you is now past away. He is reduced to the state in which you now behold him, having quitted the world, and the Dispenser of death has summoned his soul. Depend not on the uncertain hopes of life.' During three days this cry is made, and others of a like import; after which time the body is embalmed with sandal-wood, camphire, and saffron; it is then burnt and the ashes scatterred to the wind."—Anciennes Relations des Indes et de la Chinese. Paris, 1718.

TRIESTE, October 25.

TRADE is horribly dull. The only things to break the monotony are some fluctuations in the exchange, and rumors of wars, - but we are used to them.

Trieste is, as you know, a modern commercial town, where people of all nations have gathered for purposes of trade. We have Mohammedans and Christians, Jews, Pagans, and Infidels, Turks and Greeks, Albanians, Montenegrins, Persians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Hebrews from Persians, Egyptians, Hindoos, Hebrews from Syria, Wallachs, Moldavians, Germans, Hunga rians, Dalmatians, Croats, Sclaves, English, French, Spaniards, Italians—who wear the costumes, preserve the habits and manners, and speak the thousand and one dialects, of their respective nationalities. You can imagine what a Babel high 'Change must be, when this "confusion worse confounded' is fairly in motion. But there is not much society, and sugar, coffee, cotton, and rags form the staple of coversation.

The place, however, has its advantages, and I dare say some persons find it a very agreeable

A WELCOME TO AULD AGE.

BY MISS HAMILTON.

"Is that auld age that's tirling at the pin?
I trow it is, then haste to let him in.
Ye're kindly welcome, friend! nay, dinna fear
To show yoursel, ye'll cause nae trouble here.
I ken there are who tremble at your name,
As gin ye brought wi' ye reproach or shame,
And who of a thousand lies wad bear the sin
Rather than own ye for their kith or kin.
But, far frae shirking ye as a disgrace,
Thankfu' I am, to have lived to see your face;
Nor shall I e'er disown ye, nor tak pride
To think how lang I might your visit bide;
Doing my best to mak ye weel respecket,
I'll nae fear for your sake to be neglecket.
But since ye're come, and through aw kind o'
weather

We're doomed frae this time forth to jog togither, I'd fain mak compact wi'ye, firm and strang, On terms of fair giff gaff to hold out lang. Gin ye'll be civil, I sall liberal be; Witness, the lang, lang list of what I'll gie. First then—I here mak oure for gude and aye Aw youthful fancies, whether bright or gay, Beauties and graces too, I wad resign them, But sair I fear 't wad cost ye fash to find them, For 'gainst your Daddy Time they could na stand, Nor bear the grip of his unsoncie hand; But there 's my skin, which ye may farther

And write your name at length on ilka wrinkle,
On my brown locks give leave to lay your paw
And bleach them to your fancy white as snaw,
But look na' Age, sae wistful at my mouth,
As gin ye lang'd to pu' out ilka tooth.
Let them, I do beseech, still keep their places,
Tho' gin ye wish 't, ye 're free to paint their
faces.

My limbs I yield ye, and if ye sae meet To clap your icy shackles on my feet, I 'se no refuse, but if ye drive out gout, Will bless ye for 't, and offer thanks devout. Sae muckle wad I gie wi' free gude will, But och ! I fear there 's mair ye look for still, I ken by that fell glower and meaning shrug, You 'd pit your skinny fingers on each lug, And unco fair ye are, I trow, and keen To cast your misty powders in my een. But O! in mercy spare my poor wee twinkers And I for aye will wear your crystal blinkers, Then bout my lugs I'd fain a bargain mak, And gie my hand that I sall ne'er draw back, Weel then, wad ye consent their use to share, 'T wad serve us baith and be a bargain rare, Thus I wad hae't when babbling fools intrude, Gabbling their noisy nonsense lang and loud, Or, when ill nature weel brushed up by wit, Wi' sneer sarcastic takes its aim to hit, Or when detraction, meanest son o' pride, Spies out wee faults and seeks great worth to hide,

Then mak me deaf—as deaf as deaf can be, At aw such times, my lugs I lend to thee. But when in social hour ye see combined, Genius and wisdom, fruits o' heart aud mind, Good sense, good humor, wit in playfu' mood, And candor e'en frae ill extracting good, O then, auld friend, I maun hae back my hearing—

To want it then wad be an ill past bearing.
Better to lonely sit in the douf spence
Than catch the sough of words witho't the
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Ye winna promise ! och ! ye 're unco' dour, Sae hard to manage and sae cold and sour Nae matter, hale and sound I'll keep my heart, Nor frae a crumb on 't sall I ever part. It 's kindly warm, will ne'er be chilled by aw' The coldest breath your frozen lips can blaw; And tho' ye tak the rest, it shan'na grieve me, For aw blith spunk of spirits ye maun leave me, But let me tell ye in ye'r lug, auld Age, I'm bound to travel wi ye but ae stage, Be 't lang or short ye canna keep me back, And when we reach the end on't, ye maun pack, For there we part forever, late or eaire, Another guess companion meets me there To whom ye, will ye, nill ye, maun me bring, Nor think that I 'll be wae or laith to spring Frae your poor dozened side, ye carl uncouth, To the blest arms of everlasting youth! By Him, whate'er ye 've rifled stawn or taen, Will all be gien wi' interest back again, Frose by aw' gifts and graces, thousands moe Than heart can think of, freely he 'll bestow; Ye need na' wonder, then, nor swell wi pride Because I kindly welcome ye as guide To ane sae far your better - now aw 's told, Let us set out upon our journey cold, Wi' nae vain boasts, nae vain regrets tormented, We'll e'en jog on the gait sae quiet and con-tented."

A PHILOLOGICAL DITTY.

YE wise ones, who tell us with infinite pains, What everything borrows its name from, Once more will ye ransack your books and your brains

And tell us where Woman's name came from?

We bid you not tell, for we know it full well, That *Man* is the finish of *Hu-man*;— But humbly, we pray, good gentleman, say Why man's better half is called *Woman*?

We know, too, full well, that Adam once fell, As the record, so ancient, doth show man, And that Eve was the cause of his breaking the laws;

But must she for that be a Woe-man?

And this we know, too, if History's true, If Homer once sang like a true man; When Woman draws nigh, there's that in her

Which seems to say audibly : Woo, man!

Come, then, help us out from this thorn-hedge of doubt,

Some kindly philosopher, do man; For if we should die, we cannot tell why The partner of man is called Woman.